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SKATING AT THE PARK.

A gay Fifth Avenue belle am I,
As proud as Lucifer some folks think;
But they never saw me upon my skates,
Skimming along o'er Oatman's Rink.
Ah! that to me is the best of sport,
Out at the Park on a clear, cold day;
A prettier sight were nowhere found
From beginning to end of all Broadway.

Swiftly I glide o'er the glittering ice,
A cheerful tune my steel skates ring;
I feel like a wild sea-bird that skims
The ocean wave upon restless wing.
Few can follow my swiftest flight,
Few if any of all the belles;
And I laugh to scorn as I pass them by,
The vain attempts of the gay young swells.

Of the latest pattern my skates are made,
And they grasp my feet like a vice:
I can turn a circle five feet in width,
And cut my name in the ice.
Oh, the air that blows through the open Park
Has the taste of the finest wine;
And while I skim o'er the frozen pond
No joy can equal mine!

Ah, how I pity some folks I see!
For theirs is a dreadful fate—
To be pushed along in a horrid chair,
Nor know what it is to skate.
It seems to me, were I one of them,
Than play so tame a part,
I'd buy me a pair of parlor skates,
And strive to learn the art.

Very well in its way is a grand soirée,
A hop or a brilliant ball,
But to skim o'er the ice on steel-shod feet
Is finer by far than all.
Satins and silks I must often wear,
But my taste it better suits

"GRANDPA IS COMING!"—[Drawn by A. B. Houghton.]

To don a dainty Balmoral,
  And a pair of ankle boots

No hateful rouge for my cheeks I need,
  For red as the rose are they
With the bracing air that my lungs inhale
  In the Park on a clear, cold day.
Others may sit by their glowing fires
  While the fleeting hours take wings,
But give me the sport that I dearly love,
  And the precious health it brings.

A gay Fifth Avenue belle am I,
  As proud as Lucifer some folks think;
But they never saw me upon my skates,
  Skimming along o'er Oatman's Rink;
Ah! that, indeed, is the best of sport,
  Out at the Park on a clear, cold day;
Now watch me, good people, one and all,
  As I fasten my skates and skim away.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 19, 1867.

THE NEW DRED SCOTT.

In his inaugural address upon the 4th of March, 1857, President Buchanan said, speaking of the time when the people of a Territory may decide the question of Slavery: "It is a judicial question which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit." A few days afterward came the Dred Scott decision carrying Slavery wherever the flag floated, and virtually denying the equal human rights of colored men under the Constitution of the United States. Slavery had already full possession of the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. This decision showed that it also controlled the only remaining branch, the Judiciary. "And what do you propose to do about it?" sneered the New York *Express* and the other Northern lackeys of Slavery. Well, the Dred Scott decision is now eleven years old, and what the people of the United States have done about it must be tolerably clear even to the *Express*.

The other day Colonel T. Weatherby, a Senator in South Carolina from the Marlborough district, came to Washington upon the part of a large majority of the Senate of South Carolina to talk with the President upon the probability of the admission of the State to Congress if the pending Amendment were adopted by the Legislature. The President, who has as much official right to oppose an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as the Czar of Russia, advised that South Carolina should persist in rejecting the Amendment, and added that he felt confident, from a recent decision of the Supreme Court, that his policy would be sustained by that tribunal. It would appear, then, if President Johnson's surmise should prove to be as accurate as President Buchanan's understanding, that the late rebels have already possession of two of the three branches of the Government—the Executive and the Judiciary—leaving the Legislative only to the Union men of the country.

That the President does not reckon without his host is apparent from the late pronunciamento of the Supreme Court in the Indiana conspiracy case. Like the Dred Scott decision, it is not a judicial opinion—it is a political act. So far as the immediate case was concerned the Court was unanimous. But five judges held against four that Congress had no authority whatever to empower military courts in any State when war was not actually raging in it. This was an expression of opinion upon a matter not before the Court. Like the substance of the Dred Scott opinion, it was *obiter dictum*, and its intent was similar. The Dred Scott decision was meant to deprive slaves taken into a Territory of the chance of liberty under the United States Constitution. The Indiana decision operates to deprive the freedmen in the late rebel States, whose laws grievously outrage them, of the protection of the freedmen's courts.

But, in order to make the work complete, one more step is necessary, and that is to decide that Alexander H. Stephens's theory of "the continuous right" of States is correct. For such a decision preparation is making. An appeal is coming up from the court of District Judge Busteed, of Alabama, to the Supreme Court, involving the point that Alabama is a State with all its rights and privileges, and consequently that the people of the country can not impose any terms as the condition of its return to Congress. With such a decision, if it be made, falls the Emancipation Amendment which was imposed upon the Southern Legislatures. Such a decision declares that a State or a conspiracy of States may do precisely what has been done in this country for the last six years, and finding themselves worsted, may cry "All right!" and resume their places in the Government without even nodding "By your leave."

But even before such a decision is made the President has acted upon the Indiana opinion as abolishing all military courts in States in which open rebellion does not exist, and has dissolved the court convened in Richmond to try Watson. Meanwhile Judge Hall, of the United States District Court of Delaware, has released four men who were convicted before a military court at Charleston in December, 1865, of the murder of three Union soldiers detailed as a guard. The ground of the decision is, that at that time the State of South Carolina was in possession of all its civil functions as a State.

Now these are all questions which the people of the United States have solemnly decided by the last appeal, and neither the Executive nor the Supreme Court will be allowed to reverse their decision. They have decided that Congress has supreme authority in time of war, and must necessarily be the judge when and where and how to exercise it. They have decided that States which rebel have *not* "a continuous right" to resume at their pleasure their functions in the Union, but are to resume them upon such terms as the victorious loyal people in Congress may determine. And since it appears that neither the President nor the Supreme Court acquiesce in this decision they must be made as harmless as possible, for their united opposition to Congress would be needlessly perilous.

It is plain that if Congress passes laws which the Supreme Court declares unconstitutional, and which the President, as Commander-in-Chief, refuses upon that ground to execute, the situation would be critical. But the remedy is obvious; and it is not revolutionary. When it was necessary to carry the Reform Bill of 1832 in England, and the House of Lords resisted, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, in order to save the country from civil war, advised the King to create enough new peers to secure the passage of the bill. It was a process familiarly known as "swamping the Lords." The Lords yielded, however, and passed the bill. If the Supreme Court undertakes to declare that the people of the United States, at the end of a long and fearful war in which they have saved the Government, can do nothing to secure that Government from similar assaults hereafter, let the Supreme Court be swamped by a thorough reorganization and increased number of Judges.

The President, indeed, would nominate the new Judges, and there would be a long delay; for they would not be confirmed. But it is safer to delay than to break. The unrepresented States would be the losers; for they would neither return to Congress nor take part in the Presidential election of 1868. The question in regard to the Supreme Court need not be misunderstood. It is not whether in a time of peace in loyal States the civil courts shall be supreme, which nobody questions. It is whether loyal men or rebels shall reorganize the Union.

THE WORK IN HAND.

It is now plain that the theory and hope upon which the work of restoration began were visionary and fallacious. It is evident that the class of the population in the Southern States to which the President's plan and the Amendment both appealed are not to be trusted as the foundation of a true reconstruction. The States in which there is now no valid government must be built up by the National authority upon Republican principles, as the Constitution provides, and we hope and believe that Congress will proceed promptly and prudently to the work, and take care that neither the Executive nor the Judiciary thwart the intention of the loyal people of the United States.

The basis of the State Governments must be the people of the States, not a class of them, and not those merely who have been hitherto considered the people. Equal suffrage is therefore indispensable, and as a qualification of education would operate to leave the political power in the hands of a class, and that class the most hostile to the Government, the suffrage must have no severer qualification than age and residence. The primary elections under this general suffrage should be amply protected by the United States troops and the loyal forces of the States, and the Convention to be elected should be open to all who had not broken an oath to the Constitution in order to support the rebellion. This Convention should frame a State Constitution under the plain suggestion from Congress that all distinctions of caste are anti-republican, and that the Constitution should secure equal suffrage with no severer qualification than that of the voters for the Convention. The Constitution so made should be ratified by the people, and receive the guarantee of the whole power of the United States Government; and when the Legislature elected under this State Constitution had ratified the pending Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the Senators and Representatives of the State should be admitted to Congress. Meanwhile, also, Congress should take care that the freedmen obtain land on fair terms.

In such measures there is injustice to no man and to no class of men. The only disability imposed is the ineligibility during the will of Congress of certain peculiarly guilty persons to high office in the Government which they have tried to destroy. By equalizing political power such measures tend directly to general education, and to a removal of those distinctions of caste which are radically incompatible with a free popular Government. The authority to do this work is found in the provision of the Constitution of the United States which makes it the duty of Congress to guarantee a republican form of government to every State. This authority is derived also from the necessity of the case and from the public safety. It is derived from the source whence sprung the authority to emancipate the slaves. It is an authority justified by the intelligent consent of the nation and by human reason. It vindicates itself by its wisdom, its justice, and its generosity.

If it be urged that the Constitution does not authorize such action in express terms, because the phrase Republican Government is not exactly defined, the reply is that the spirit and purpose of the Constitution necessitates precisely such action under the circumstances; and that had express verbal authority of the kind demanded been sought in the Constitution in 1861, the government established by it would have been overthrown. Rebellion depended for success upon its verbal juggles of the Constitution—just as it depends now upon the same verbal fence to paralyze the national victory. The Constitution, like every fundamental law, is to be interpreted always in its loftiest scope and intention, and with the constant remembrance that treason to God and human nature have always pleaded the letter of the law. From the moment that President Buchanan, inspired by his Attorney-General Black of Pennsylvania, said that he could find no authority in the Constitution to coerce States down to the present time when Alexander H. Stephens and the Copperheads hold that States have "a continuous right" in the Union, whatever the situation and circumstances may be, the intention has been always the same to secure the ascendency of a party, to embarrass the Government, and to thwart the great purpose of the Union, which is permanent peace based upon equal liberty. We would cling close to the Constitution, but in great emergencies we would interpret the letter by the spirit.

Having the fullest power to restore the Union upon conditions consonant with the Constitution and with the fundamental principles of a republican government, and being immediately supported by the loyal people of the Union, Congress need not fear that its measures, however radical, so they be both just and generous in themselves, will produce a reaction upon the plea of State rights. The force of that cry is exhausted. The great object of Congressional action is now seen to be to put the States truly upon their feet; to give all the people of a State their fair and equal share in its government. If any portion of the citizens choose to sulk, it is their privilege to do so. If they refuse to help the work of reorganization, it is they only who will pay the piper. They will not have the power which comes from proscription, for we would not proscribe. They will not have the eloquence of suffering, for we would not touch them except to prevent them from oppressing others. Let Congress, on the one hand, beware of proscribing white citizens, and, upon the other, take good care to protect colored citizens in perfect civil and political equality, and the way will begin to clear. There is no royal road to immediate and normal national tranquillity. But every measure which is founded upon the Constitution, upon obvious common-sense, and upon simple justice brings us nearer to the great result.

LAW AND LIQUOR.

The Court of Appeals of New York has unanimously confirmed the constitutionality of the Excise Act, which had been questioned by some of the city judges. It is worthy of remark that such judges are elective, and that the liquor dealers' party is omnipotent in the city; and although we are far from saying that this interesting coincidence explains the city judgments against the law, we may be allowed the observation that there is a great deal of human nature in man.

The law, as we remarked at the time of its passage, is less rigorous than any license law in the State for more than half a century, while, with the late law, it forbids the sale of liquor on Sundays. The Court of Appeals justly says, that so far from such a regulation of the traffic being unconstitutional, it is a legislative power inherent in the very nature of sovereignty, and a power which has been unremittingly exercised since the origin of the Government. It is a bold assertion, says the Court, that there is any constitutional limitation of legislative discretion in directing how, when, and where a trade shall be conducted so intimately connected with the public morals or the public safety or the public prosperity. What the condition of the city was in respect of the retail liquor trade when the Board of Excise was organized we learn from the Report of the Police Board.

On the 1st of May, 1866, there were 9250 places where intoxicating liquors were publicly sold. Of this number only 754 pretended to have licenses, leaving about 8500 open violators of the existing law. The State law already forbade the sale of liquor on Sunday, but at all of these 9250 places the law was publicly violated every Sunday. From the sale of licenses there should have been a large revenue, and for some years there had been Boards of Excise to grant licenses. Yet in 1860 the city revenue from this source was $54,580, which was equal to 1819 licenses at $30 each. In 1864 the revenue had dwindled to $12,450—equal to the proceeds of only 415 licenses at the same rate. The Board under the new law established two classes of licenses—one class of $250, permitting the sale of strong liquor to be drunk on the premises; and one of $100 for the sale of ale and beer only. Of these licenses 5697 were issued—3596 of the first class and 2098 of the second. The total amount of revenue thus collected was $1,108,925.

Early in June the Cardozo batteries were in full play upon the Board. Eight hundred and fifty-four suits were entered and as many injunctions granted, of which that illustrious ornament of an elective Judiciary issued 704. His worthy compeer Judge Brady issued 129, while the M'Cunn, having returned from the field of war, expressed his disdain of the "ungentlemanly" Excise law by enjoining the Board twenty-one times. This cannonade silenced the operations of the Excise Board about the 1st of July, until the highest judicial decisions could be ascertained. The Supreme Court differed with Cardozo, and the Court of Appeals with M'Cunn. They asserted the constitutionality of the law, and the Superintendent of Police now announces that it will be faithfully enforced.

The advantage of the law to the revenue and the saving to the tax-payers we have already mentioned. Its service to public order may be estimated from the fact that, on eight Sundays of May and June in 1865, under the old system, the arrests of drunken and disorderly persons were 1078; on eight Sundays of the same months in 1866, under the new system, they were 523, showing a difference of 555. But when the Cardozian raid upon the law took effect the comparative result was as follows. On the thirteen Sundays of July, August, and September in 1865, the arrests were 2094; on the corresponding days in 1866 they were 2125. The Police Board are of opinion that if the new system can have a fair trial for a year or two it will fully prove to the public the value of the system.

MY POLICY IN THE FIRST DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

In his late interesting Report upon the revenue Mr. Wells suggests that the appointment and retention of revenue officers shall be regulated solely by considerations of competency and fidelity, upon the very reasonable ground that a properly qualified body of such officers can be obtained only by education, and that the true economical interests of the country require that they should be entirely removed from the storms of party politics.

If the President had acted upon such an obviously sensible and patriotic principle, the citizens of the First District of New York would not have lost the services of Henry W. Eastman, the late United States Assessor of that district. Mr. Eastman was appointed by President Lincoln, and by his sagacity, integrity, and unwearied interest and industry in the work of his office had become one of the most noted and efficient officers in the service, and an authority upon the whole subject. Firm in his political convictions, and active in all the duties of a good citizen, always courteous, never an offensive partisan, and wholly satisfactory to the district, Mr. Eastman was suddenly superseded by Edwin O. Perrin, appointed by the President. It is perfectly well known that Mr. Perrin was not only a Copperhead, but a notorious Copperhead; and his appointment in place of Mr. Eastman was as great an insult to the loyal Union men of the First District as the removal of Postmaster Lincoln of Brooklyn to make room for Mr. Kinsella, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was an offense to the Union sentiment of that city. Mr. Taber, the Democratic representative from the First District, had been working for the removal of Mr. Eastman, but in the interest of a very different person from Mr. Perrin, who comes from the State of Tennessee, and was preferred by the President to Mr. Taber's candidate.

Upon Mr. Eastman's removal all the assistant assessors of the First District unanimously resigned their positions, "believing that the best interests of the Government and of the Department of Internal Revenue can not be promoted unless by the existence of mutual confidence and esteem among those administering the several grades of official duty." We doubt the soundness of this reasoning; for it may be easily interpreted to justify an entire change of the officers of the Government in every department with every whim and veer of the President, while an assistant assessor is as independent and responsible a United States officer in his sphere as the President. But the resignation shows the view of the removal held by those having the most intimate official relations with Mr. Eastman.

We trust that the Senate will be so fully informed of the facts of this case as to refuse to confirm the nomination of Mr. Perrin; and that this flagrant instance of the abuse of the

Executive patronage to mere partisan and personal ends will help to reveal the necessity of a more stringent regulation of the whole subject.

CONGRESS AND THE CURRENCY.

The great question of the day is—what will Congress do with the currency?

A year ago the Secretary of the Treasury recommended the reduction of the legal tender currency at the rate of at least $100,000,000 a year. He pointed out the obvious evils of a depreciated currency, the means of reducing it at the rate suggested, and the advantages to be derived from a speedy return to specie payments. His views coincided with those of sound merchants and far-seeing financial men. They were met in Congress by dogmatic assertions—from such men as Thaddeus Stevens and John Sherman—that the trouble with the currency was, not that it was redundant, but that it was insufficient for the business of the country, and that a further increase was needed instead of a curtailment. There was common sense enough in Congress to defeat the aspirations of these partisans of disgrace. But Mr. Stevens and his friends were strong enough to compel a compromise, which was finally agreed upon in this wise: The currency was to be contracted at the rate of $46,000,000 for the next ensuing year—no more, no less. This was, of necessity, accepted by the Department, and has been acted upon. On 1st January Mr. M'Culloch had accordingly reduced the floating legal tenders to $380,000,000 as against $430,000,000 a year or more since. In December they were reduced some $5,000,000.

In the mean time the usual evils of an inconvertible circulating medium had been generally developed. Prices having long before adjusted themselves to the existing volume of currency, the least contraction produced stringency in localities where the bow of credit was fully bent. Thus in Chicago money was very close indeed at 10 @ 12 per cent., and at Cincinnati it was worth 20 per cent., week in and week out. Sufferers from this stringency, looking only to immediate relief for themselves, charged their embarrassment, not unnaturally, upon the conservative policy of Government, and clamored for "more currency." At the same time the Chinese tariff, under which we have the blessing of living, had heaped losses and discomforts so evenly upon manufacturers and consumers that all were equally disgusted, and it was hard to say which were the greater sufferers. On the one hand, the manufacturers could show that it was cheaper to send wool and manuscripts to England, and reimport them from thence in the shape of cloth and books, paying the duty, than to manufacture them here. On the other, the public at large could see plainly enough that living was at least twice as expensive as it used to be. Of the manufacturers a portion, with the *Tribune*, held that the Chin.se tariff was not Chinese enough, and that if the duties—now averaging about 43 per cent.—were higher still, all would be well. Another portion—hailing from Pennsylvania—demanded not only an increase of duties, but an increase of currency likewise. As for the public, which is very imperfectly represented to Congress and has no friends, it paid, suffered, groaned, and had no plan.

This was the condition of affairs when the present Congress met. Almost every body was dissatisfied. But no remedy satisfied all classes. The Secretary manfully adhered to contraction as the only panacea. Mr. Stevens was equally firm in favor of further currency expansion. Both have their followers in Congress, and at this time it is hard to say which will prevail. The Associated Press, and most of the newspaper correspondents in Washington, are in the interest of the expansionists: the public, as we said, has no friends. As at Mugby Junction, he is "the beast" upon whom it is in order to trample.

We can not help thinking, however, and saying, too, in strict confidence to the readers of this journal, that, dull and stupid and voiceless as the public may be, he has some rights which politicians will sooner or later have to recognize. He is now paying taxes at the rate of $16 59/100 per head, say 25 @ 50 per cent. more than is paid by the most heavily-taxed people of Europe; and at the same time he is paying, for commodities of all kinds and labor, 50 @ 150 per cent. more than any other people in the world. In England the taxes are heavy, no doubt; but food, clothing, and rent are cheap. In Russia living is expensive; but the taxes are light. Here, in the United States, the public groans under the simultaneous burden of heavy taxes and expensive living. We have a notion that sooner or later he will rebel against this load, and that the party which laid it on his shoulders will itself be laid pretty low.

The currency question is as simple in its general aspect as A B C. Questions may arise as to the order in which legal tenders and National Bank notes should be withdrawn: our own views on the subject have already been expressed. But as to the general subject no difference of opinion can exist among men who have no private interest to subserve, no stock of goods bought at high prices to sell. The currency should be steadily curtailed until legal tenders are as good as gold. In this way prices would be brought down so that living would become cheap, and people would be able to pay taxes without undue suffering. But, say Mr. Thad Stevens and his friends, this would involve a financial crisis. Not necessarily. It would obviously compel people who have been trading beyond their capital to liquidate, and, if they owed more than they had property to pay with, to fail. It might compel speculators and "enterprising" merchants to sell their fast horses, their diamonds, their yachts, and their country places. But it would hurt no honest man, who has done business on sound principles, paid his way squarely, and avoided running into debt.

As to further currency expansion, it is simply childish. Suppose the city of New York were to agree, by a vote of its people, that each United States dollar should be worth two dollars, and each fifty cent shinplaster worth a dollar. The plan would work marvelously at the start. Mechanics receiving $20 a week would suddenly find their wages raised to $40. Houses worth $15,000 would command $30,000. Goods worth $1 a yard would sell for $2. Erie would rise from $66 to $120 in a day. Every body would fancy he was getting rich. But as time rolled on, a change would come over the spirit of our dream. Pennsylvania would ask $15 instead of $7 50 a ton for coal. Illinois would want $30 instead of $15 per barrel for flour. Beef would rise to 50 cents a pound. England would double the price of cloth and iron. And so, by degrees, New York would find that she was not making any thing by her new plan, but that on the contrary, by the general unsettlement of values, she was spending a dollar to make seventy-five cents. She would find that, the general and uniform standard of value being thrown to the winds, arbitrary standards had taken its place, and there was no obstacle to the forestalling of each market in turn by combinations of speculators. It would very soon be discovered that the lower the intrinsic value of the circulating medium, doubly higher would be the prices of commodities, and that the more debased the currency became, doubly larger would be the profit realized by foreign importers. Uniform standards once rejected, values advance not in arithmetical but in geometrical ratio. This discovery once made, how would New York act? Would even the Board of Aldermen suggest so insane a remedy as a further issue of paper? Would not even Tammany Hall cry out for a return to the general currency of the country?

THE POLICE VIEW OF NEW YORK.

The annual Report of the Board of Metropolitan police in the city of New York is always an interesting and instructive paper, concisely written and to the point. In the Report for the last year attention is especially called to the condition of the tenement houses in the city, from which the means of escape in case of fire are almost wholly wanting. There are more than four thousand of these houses occupied by a hundred thousand men, women, and children. The occupants may be reckoned at about one family to a room, in which there is the fire for warming and cooking, and in which the most dangerous kinds of camphene and other inflammable and explosive substances are kept for use. The first-floors and cellars are often used for stores, in which are collected liquors, chemicals, oils, powder, and other perilous stuff. In many of these houses the tenants are of intemperate habits, and the rooms are often left all day in the charge of mere children.

There are eleven of these tenement houses four, five, and six stories high, each house having a single staircase, in which four hundred and seventy-five persons live. When a fire breaks out it follows the stairway, and the inmates of the house have no other alternative but leaping from the windows or burning to death. But apart from these personal perils to the inhabitants of the houses the Board of Health in their Report show the danger to the whole city and country. Dr. Dalton describes in terrible detail the loathsome condition of these houses and the sanitary consequences. Disease is constantly lurking in them. They are the plague-spots both of disease and crime threatening the community.

The Police Board state that the attention of the Legislature has been often called to the subject without adequate result, while the cupidity of proprietors is such that all appeals, warnings, and admonitions have failed of effect. They therefore urge, and with the utmost reason, that no citizen should be allowed so to use his property as constantly to endanger human life; and we trust that the suggestion may lead to the most stringent building act.

The Report also states that the regulations of hacks and hackmen in New York are similar to those of Paris. But while in Paris the result approaches perfection of service, in New York no man calls a carriage without having resolved upon fighting or being robbed. The reason is, that in New York there is no enforcement of the law. During the past year, of the whole number of hackmen arrested for abuses, more than half were discharged without punishment. And this will continue, as the Report truly remarks, so long as the administration of the law remains so inefficient.

The efficient service of the Metropolitan Police in the city has driven evil-doers to the suburbs, so that now the rural neighborhoods have begun to pass under the supervision of the Board. Yonkers, West Farms, and Staten Island are at present included within the precincts of the Metropolitan Police, and other places will doubtless soon follow.

There are not less than five thousand small sail and row boats afloat upon the waters of the District. Many of these, of course, are prostituted to the purposes of crime. This had become so general and menacing that a law of the last Legislature created a bureau of boat inspection for the purpose of licensing such craft and bringing them under strict supervision.

Thus, although with the increase of the city crime increases, the vigilance and sagacity of the Police Commission keep pace with their enlarging sphere and responsibility, and fully vindicate the wisdom and necessity of their appointment. Elsewhere we speak of the very important suggestions of the Report upon the "Excise Law."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Congress reassembled on January 3. A resolution was adopted in the Senate the same day, inquiring into the necessity of further legislation to prevent the sale of negroes into slavery. A similar resolution making the same inquiry regarding Indians, and rehearsing the fact that United States army officers had held captive Indians in slavery, was also adopted. The most important action of the Senate was had on January 4, when the House bill repealing the section of the Confiscation bill vesting the pardoning power in the President was adopted without amendment by a vote of 27 to 7. It now goes to the President for approval. On the 7th of January the District Suffrage bill, which had been vetoed by the President, was called up in the Senate, and passed over the veto by a vote of 29 to 10. It goes to the House.

Mr. Stevens's bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States came up in the House on the 3d, and an amendment was offered by Mr. Ashley, of Ohio. It declares the State governments in the rebellious districts to be null and void, and organizes constitutional State governments, with impartial suffrage. It then provides for State conventions, to be composed of loyal men, who shall elect a Provisional Governor, who is authorized to proclaim martial law and suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* whenever he may deem it necessary. No conclusion or vote was arrived at. The session of the House on January 7 was of an exciting character, witnessing, as it did, the initiatory movements for the impeachment of the President. A resolution declaring it the duty of the present Congress to impeach Mr. Johnson was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, then offered a resolution charging the President with usurpation of power and violation of law, with corruptly abusing the appointing power and corruptly using the pardoning power; corruptly disposing of the public property; corruptly interfering in elections, and committing acts which are, in the contemplation of the Constitution, high crimes and misdemeanors. The resolution further instructed the House Judiciary Committee to inquire into and report on the official conduct of the President. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 107 yeas to 39 nays. Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction bill, which came up as unfinished business, was postponed until January 15.

In a general debate in the House on the 5th instant Mr. Stevens declared his opposition to the admission of the Southern States on their ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, saying that Congress would stultify itself to ask them to vote on such an amendment.

NEWS ITEMS.

A most important caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held at Washington on the 5th of January. The impeachment of the President was the subject under discussion. After a stormy debate it was decided that the Thirty-ninth Congress would not have time enough to impeach and try the President, and it was best to defer action until the Fortieth Congress came into existence, when documents for the impeachment will be prepared and submitted to the Senate. It was also decided that no action should be taken on the matter until agreed upon in caucus and referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House. The first steps under this programme were taken in the House on January 7, as will be seen by reference to our record of Congressional proceedings.

The New York Legislature convened, and Governor Fenton and Lieutenant-Governor Woodford were inaugurated on January 1. The Senate went to work vigorously and ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 23 to 3. Little was done in the Assembly; Edmund L. Pitts, of Orleans County, was elected Speaker.

The Message of Governor Fenton was submitted to the Legislature on January 3. The Governor holds that he was elected on the distinct issue of the Constitutional Amendment as the terms on which the rebel States are to be restored to the Union; and urges the immediate ratification of that Amendment. He adds, in effect, that, if the Amendment is finally rejected by the Southern States, it will be "the duty of Congress, by more stringent measures, to give effect to the popular will." He favors the election of thirty-two delegates at large to the Convention to frame a new State Constitution, sixteen to be from each political party in the State. The increase of all official salaries, and the revision by the Constitutional Convention of the Judiciary system are recommended. Improvements in the administration and system of government of New York city are urged. The financial statement shows a deficit of $2,600,000; the receipts show an increase of $2,000,000 over those of 1865; and the expenditures $500,000 less. The General Government is urged to reduce its tax rate; and increased canal facilities are demanded.

Religious discourses were delivered on the 6th inst. in New York city on the subjects, "Shall a State be admitted to the Union which administers Justice on the basis of the Color of the Skin?" "The Stone Power of Daniel a Civil Government, or a Republic the Divine Model;" "The Moral Influence of Theatres," and "The Lessons of the Great Ocean Yacht Race!"

A building which cost $6000 has been opened as a normal colored school in Atlanta, Georgia. It is called the "Storrs' School," in compliment to Rev. Dr. Storrs, whose congregation contributed much to the funds.

President Johnson sent into the Senate on January 7 his veto Message of the District of Columbia Suffrage bill. He says it is unconstitutional, and opposed to the wishes of the people of the District—meaning, of course, that portion of the people who are white, and forgetting that colored men are citizens.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. So does Governor Saulsbury, of Delaware, who besides approves of the selling of negroes into slavery for crime.

Maine's war debt was $15,000,000, of which $3,000,000 has been paid.

The Board of Health of New York City are prosecuting tenement house owners, and the Excise Board the liquor dealers.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has petitioned the Legislature against granting any more railroad tracks in the metropolis.

Assassination is becoming as uncomfortably frequent in New York City as in Mexico. There have been four attempts since the year began, and in each case the assassin has escaped or committed suicide. In the last instance an editress named Fanny Willard was shot by a policeman named Burke, who subsequently shot himself.

The death rate in London in 1866 was one in forty-five; Liverpool, one in forty-four; Philadelphia, one in forty-four to fifty-seven; Boston, one in forty-one; and New York, one in thirty-three and a third; so that New York, with its boasted bountiful supply of water and eligible situation and bad government, is the unhealthiest of them all.

The New York Court of Appeals has reversed the decision of the courts of New York city, deciding that the Excise Law is constitutional; and the Board and Metropolitan Police are hereafter to strictly enforce it.

A bill to bridge East River is to be introduced in the New York Legislature. It is proposed to start it in Brooklyn at the corner of Main and Fulton streets, and end it in New York at Franklin or at Chatham Square. The cost will be between three and five millions at least.

Nearly one hundred thousand persons were arrested by the Metropolitan Police during 1866, being an increase of twenty per cent. in seven years.

Three hundred freedmen and women—not fifteen, as previously reported—were lost in the burning of the Mississippi River steamer *Fashion* holiday week.

Burglars are now trapped by a new and ingenious process. The Government securities lately stolen from the Mechanics Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey, have been recovered from the thieves by *negotiation*.

The New York and Havana steamer *Cortes* struck on the breakwater at the mouth of the Delaware River on December 29 and went to pieces. The crew were saved.

A general suspension of the iron manufactures of Pennsylvania is threatened owing to unremunerative business for the last year or more.

It will cost $8,290,938 67 to carry on the New York County Government for the present year.

Vice-Admiral Tegethoff, of the Austrian navy, and the one who destroyed the Italian iron-clads at Lissa, in 1866, arrived in New York on January 4.

The British Government has commuted the sentences of the Fenians in Canada to twenty years' imprisonment.

Colonel Henry B. Carrington, Eighteenth Infantry, who commanded the post of Fort Philip Kearney, Dacotah, at the time of the late massacre near there, has been relieved and placed in arrest charged with neglect of duty.

Stephen R. Mallory, late rebel Secretary of the Navy, advises the youth of the South to study military rather than more useful sciences, and intimates that the coming generation will find the sword more powerful than the pen.

E. R. Parker, colored, is a candidate for mayor of Alleghany City, Pennsylvania.

James Stephens, the Fenian organizer, who was to have precipitated the revolution in Ireland, is said never to have left America, and is residing in New York city. His office was declared vacant on January 6, and General Gleeson was elected in his place.

The emigration of poor and destitute Southerners from the Central States to those of the Northwest is still as great as when Sherman, in 1864, forced them out of Georgia.

Most of the Legislatures which met on January 1, have taken action with regard to the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. Ohio adopted it by a large vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

No solution of the difficulties between Victor Emanuel of Italy and the Pope of Rome has been arrived at. The propositions of the former are to the effect that Florence shall be declared the capital of Italy; that the cardinals shall be made princes of the kingdom and their salaries doubled; and Rome shall be declared a free city under the absolute control of the Pope—the people of the city and states, however, being permitted to vote on the question of unity with Italy. The Pope is to agree on his part to acknowledge Victor Emanuel as King of Italy, and crown him as such at Florence. The treaty is binding only during the lifetime of the Pope. Instead of accepting the terms the Pope announced, on December 22, his abandonment of temporal power in Rome; and has called a Catholic council at Rome for June 1867.

The Spanish revolution appears to be going forward. The Illiberal Cortes has been dissolved, and the dissolution of the Narvaez cabinet threatened by the invitation extended to Marshal O'Donnell to form a new Government. O'Donnell declined and Narvaez still continues in power. In the mean time the revolutionists are closely watched, and one of their suspected leaders, the Duke of Serrano, late Captain General of Cuba, had been arrested.

The London *Times* says England is at peace with all the world except the United States, and urges a speedy settlement of all "outstanding difficulties"—"debts" would be a better English word.

London was visited on January 2 by a heavy snow-storm, the like of which is not remembered there. The city was blockaded for forty-eight hours, snow-drifts accumulating in the streets to the height of eight and ten feet. A fog existed during the whole storm, and the city looked as if in the coldest part of the arctic regions.

The department of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, devoted to the display of Eastern products, was destroyed by fire on December 30, 1866.

The latest developments in Mexico do not indicate the early abandonment of that country by Maximilian, although Bazaine and the French will doubtless embark for France at an early date. Generals Marquez, Miramon, and Mejia have announced their intention to sustain the Emperor, and are at the head of an army of French, Austrian, and native soldiers, numbering 30,000 men, prepared to recommence hostilities against the Liberals.

General Prado, the Dictator of Peru, and the one who successfully carried on the war with Spain, was elected President by a large majority on December 13, 1866.

General Flores, of Uraguay, having abandoned the war against Paraguay, has returned to Uraguay and proclaimed himself Dictator.

Yokohama, Japan, has been destroyed by fire, only two houses having been left standing. Thirty-five persons were crushed to death by the crowd fleeing from the flames across the only bridge leading across a river from the town.

The war in Austria is not yet over; and General Benedek has found an opportunity to win one victory. He fought a duel on December 13 with Count Clam-Gallas, who figured in this country as an *aid-de-camp* to General M'Clellan, and who was badly beaten at Sadowa. The latter in his apology for his defeat reflected on Benedek, who challenged him. Clam-Gallas being a notoriously good pistol shot, sabres were substituted, and the fight took place with those weapons. Benedek gave the Count two severe cuts, and thus satisfied his wounded honor.

One good effect of the success of Prussia in the late war in Germany is the revocation of all gambling permits, and after January 1, 1870, the saloons at Baden Baden Spa, and all other places in Germany, are to be closed.

The Duke of Augustenburg, Queen Victoria's latest son-in-law, has ceded his rights in Schleswig and Holstein to Prussia, and will reside at his royal wife's home in England. With the exception of the alliance with Prince Frederick William of Prussia Queen Victoria's matrimonial ventures have not been highly successful or creditable to her as a match-maker.

"SOCIAL SCIENCE"—COOKING OUR OWN DINNER.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

PARADE OF THE CIRCASSIAN BODY-GUARD OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

SNOWFLAKE—"I CALLED HER SNOWFLAKE; SHE LOOKED BRIGHT AS SNOW FRESH FALLEN IN THE MORNING."
[SEE PAGE 38.]

JANUARY—"NESTLING ROUND THE HEARTH TOGETHER, WE DEFY THE GROWLING WEATHER."
[SEE PAGE 38.]

RAILROAD TRAIN IN A SNOW-DRIFT.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

SNOWFLAKE.

ONE Christmas down at Lynton Hall—
It was so pleasant, I remember—
The hopes and joys I now recall
Of that cold, bitter, bleak December;
When winter's sky was overcast,
Or in the bright and frosty weather,
Snowflake and I—those times are past—
Walked, flirted, danced, or read together!

I called her Snowflake; she looked bright
As snow fresh fallen in the morning,
Just flushed by kiss of rosy light,
Of sunny rays when day is dawning:
Her bosom—white like driven snow,
She seemed as fragile and as tender;
I found—in waltzing, you must know—
Her foot was light, her waist was slender.

How lovely she appeared that night,
In sheeniest of gauzy dresses,
With tangled wreath of snow-drops white
All twining midst her golden tresses!
Round her neck clung orient pearls,
Which softly shone, yet glimmered brightly;
She quite eclipsed the other girls,
When floating down the stairs so lightly.

Ah, me! I recollect those hours—
Since then I've grown a trifle older—
I found just now some faded flowers,
Reminding me of all I told her.
And Snowflake? Well, it's rather hard
For hearts with one another smitten—
But, let me see, I think the Bard
Says "lovers' vows in snow are written!"

JANUARY.

SHOULD Christmas with its dinners,
Stuffing saints and starving sinners,
More of coming bills than passing bells
Suggest:
When the old year's shades retire,
Round a January fire
Mem'ries crowd to seize the moment
That is best.

Nestling round the hearth together
We defy the growling weather,
Treating all its blatant efforts
As a joke:
Our log sets all at naught,
As he crackles at the thought
How the wind will vent its wrath
Upon the smoke.

So, before the lamp is lit
Flick'ring shadows round us flit
Of the stories that we've heard
In olden time;
Of the ghost of Lady Clare,
Or the phantom on the stair
Near the panel where the stains
Reveal'd the crime.

Then a silence leads us on
To remember faces gone,
Which to leave us once we hoped
Would be the last:
Gentle sorrow creeps apace
Round the circle as we trace
In the fire recollections
Of the past.

Eyes intent upon the flames,
Thoughts now wand'ring in their aims,
Fall with ashes, or rise upward
With the spark;
Till some childish laughter ends
Reminiscences, and sends
All our shadows trooping back
Into the dark.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

CHAPTER I.

A FORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

TEN years had passed lightly enough over the glossy raven locks of Mr. Philip Sheldon. There are some men with whom Time deals gently, and he was one of them. The hard black eyes had lost none of their fierce brightness; the white teeth flashed with all their old brilliancy; the complexion, which had always been dusky of hue, was perhaps a shade or two darker; and the fierce black eyes seemed all the blacker by reason of the purple tinge beneath them. But the Philip Sheldon of to-day was, taken altogether, a handsomer man than the Philip Sheldon of ten years ago.

Within those ten years the Bloomsbury dentist had acquired a higher style of dress and bearing, and a certain improvement of tone and manner. He was still an eminently respectable man, and a man whose chief claim to the esteem of his fellows lay in the fact of his unimpeachable respectability; but his respectability of to-day, as compared with that of ten years before, was as the respectability of Tyburnia when contrasted with that of St. Pancras. He was not an aristocratic-looking man, or an elegant man; but you felt, as you contemplated him, that the bulwarks of the citadel of English respectability are defended by such as he.

Mr. Sheldon no longer experimentalized with lumps of beeswax and plaster of Paris. All the appalling paraphernalia of his cruel art had long since been handed over to an aspiring young dentist, together with the respectable house in Fitzgeorge Street, the furniture, and—the connection. And thus had ended Philip Sheldon's career as a surgeon-dentist. Within a year of Tom Halliday's death his disconsolate widow had given her hand to her first sweet-heart, not forgetful of her dead husband or ungrateful for much kindness and affection experienced at his hands, but yielding rather to Philip's suit because she was unable to advance any fair show of reason whereby she might reject him.

"I told you she'd be afraid to refuse you," said George Sheldon, when the dentist came home from Barlingford, where Georgy was living with her mother.

Philip had answered his brother's questions rather ambiguously at first, but in the end had been fain to confess that he had asked Mrs. Halliday to marry him, and that his suit had prospered.

"That way of putting it is not very complimentary to me," he said, drawing himself up rather stiffly. "Georgy and I were attached to each other long ago; and it is scarcely strange if—"

"If you should make a match of it, Tom being gone. Poor old Tom! He and I were such cronies. I've always had an idea that neither you nor the other fellow quite understood that low fever of his. You did your best, no doubt; but I think you ought to have pulled him through somehow. However, that's not a pleasant subject to talk of just now; so I'll drop it, and wish you joy, Phil. It'll be rather a good match for you, I fancy," added George, contemplating his brother with a nervous twitching of his lips, which suggested that his mouth watered as he thought of Philip's good fortune.

"It's a very nice thing you drop into, old fellow, isn't it?" he asked presently, seeing that his brother was rather disinclined to discuss the subject.

"You know the state of my affairs well enough to be sure that I couldn't afford to marry a poor woman," answered Philip.

"And that it has been for a long time a vital necessity with you to marry a rich one," interjected his brother.

"Georgy will have a few hundreds, and—"

"A few thousands, you mean, Phil," cried Mr. Sheldon the younger with agreeable briskness; "shall I tot it up for you?"

He was always eager to "tot" things up, and would scarcely have shrunk from setting down the stars of heaven in trim double columns of figures, had it seemed to his profit to do so.

"Let us put it in figures, Phil," he said, getting his finger-tips in order for the fray. "There's the money for Hyley Farm, twelve thousand three hundred and fifty; I had it from poor Tom's own lips. Then there's that little property on Sheepfield Common—say seven fifty, eh? well, say seven hundred, if you like to leave a margin; and then there are the insurances, three thou' in the Alliance, fifteen hundred in the Phœnix, five hundred in the Suffolk Friendly: the total of which, my dear boy, is eighteen thousand five hundred pounds; and a very nice thing for you to drop into, just as affairs were looking about as black as they could look."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheldon the elder, who appeared by no means to relish this "totting-up" of his future wife's fortune, "I have no doubt I ought to consider myself a very lucky man."

"So Barlingford folks will say when they hear of the business. And now I hope you're not going to forget your promise to me."

"What promise?"

"That if you ever did get a stroke of luck I should have a share of it—eh, Phil?"

Mr. Sheldon caressed his chin and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"If my wife let's me have the handling of any of her money you may depend upon it I'll do what I can for you," he said, after a pause.

"Don't say that, Phil," remonstrated George. "When a man says he'll do what he can for you, it's a sure sign he means to do nothing. Friendship and brotherly feeling are at an end when it comes to a question of 'ifs' and 'cans.' *If* your wife lets you have the handling of any of her money!" cried the lawyer with unspeakable derision; "that's too good a joke for you to indulge in with *me*. Do you think I believe you will let that poor little woman keep custody of her money a day after she is your wife, or that you will let her friends tie it up for her before she marries you? No, Phil, you didn't lay your plans for that."

"What do you mean by my laying plans?" asked the dentist.

"That's a point we won't discuss, Philip," answered the lawyer coolly. "You and I understand each other very well without entering into unpleasant details. You promised me a year ago—before Tom Halliday's death—that if you ever came into a good thing I should share in it. You *have* come into an uncommonly good thing, and I shall expect you to keep your promise."

"Who says I am going to break it?" demanded Philip Sheldon with an injured air. "You shouldn't be in such a hurry to cry out, George. You take the tone of a social Dick Turpin, and might as well hold a pistol to my head while you're about it. Don't alarm yourself. I have told you I will do what I can for you. I can not, and I shall not say more."

The two men looked at each other. They were in the habit of taking the measure of all creation in their own eminently practical way, and they took each other's measure now. After having done which, they parted with all cordial expressions of good-will and brotherly feeling. George went back to his dusty chambers in Gray's Inn, and Philip prepared for his return to Barlingford and his marriage with Georgina Halliday.

For nine years Georgy had been Philip Sheldon's wife, and she had found no reason to complain of her second choice. The current of her life had flowed smoothly enough since her first lover had become her husband. She still wore moire-antique dresses and gold chains; and if the dresses fitted her better and the chains were less obtrusively displayed, she had to thank Mr. Sheldon for the refinement in her taste. Her views of life in general had expanded under Mr. Sheldon's influence. She no longer thought a high-wheeled dog-cart and a skittish mare the acme of earthly splendor; for she had a carriage and pair at her service, and a smart little page-boy to leap off the box in attendance on her when she paid visits or went shopping. Instead of the big, comfortable old-fashioned farm-house at Hyley, with its mysterious passages and impenetrable obscurities in the way of cupboards, she occupied a bright, glistening little detached villa in Bayswater, in which the eye that might chance to grow weary of sunshine and glitter would have sought in vain for a dark corner wherein to repose itself.

Mr. Sheldon's fortunes had prospered since his marriage with his friend's widow. For a man of his practical mind and energetic temperament eighteen thousand pounds was a strong starting-point. His first step was to clear off all old engagements with Jews and Gentiles, and to turn his back on the respectable house in Fitzgeorge Street. The earlier months of his married life he devoted to a pleasant tour on the Continent, not wasting time in picturesque byways, or dawdling among inaccessible mountains, or mooning about drowsy old cathedrals, where there were pictures with curtains hanging before them, and prowling vergers who expected money for drawing aside the curtains; but rattling at the highest continental speed from one big commercial city to another, and rubbing off the dust of Bloomsbury in the exchanges and on the quays of the busiest places in Europe. The time which Mr. Sheldon forebore to squander in shadowy Gothic aisles and under the shelter of Alpine heights he accounted well bestowed in crowded cafés, and at the public tables of noted hotels where commercial men were wont to congregate; and as Georgy had no aspirings for the sublimity of Vandyke and Raphael, or the gigantic splendors of Alpine scenery, she was very well pleased to see continental life with the eyes of Philip Sheldon. How could a half-educated little woman, whose worldly experience was bounded by the suburbs of Barlingford, be otherwise than delighted by the glare and glitter of foreign cities? Georgy was childishly enraptured with every thing she saw, from the sham diamonds and rubies of the Palais Royal to the fantastical bonbons of Berlin.

Her husband was very kind to her—after his own particular fashion, which was very different from blustering Tom Halliday's weak indulgence. He allotted and regulated her life to suit his own convenience, it is true; but he bought her handsome dresses, and took her with him in hired carriages when he drove about the strange cities. He was apt to leave Georgy and the hired carriage at the corner of some street or before the door of some café, for an hour together sometimes, in the course of his peregrinations; but she speedily became accustomed to this, and provided herself with the Tauchnitz edition of a novel, wherewith to beguile the tedium of these intervals in the day's amusement. If Tom Halliday had left her for an hour at a street-corner, or before the door of a café, she would have tortured herself and him by all manner of jealous suspicions and vague imaginings. But there was a stern gravity in Mr. Sheldon's character which precluded the possibility of any such shadowy fancies. Every action of his life seemed to involve such serious motives, the whole tenor of his existence was so orderly and business-like, that his wife was fain to submit to him as she would have submitted to some ponderous infallible machine, some monster of modern ingenuity and steam-power which cut asunder so many bars of iron or punched holes in so many paving-stones in a given number of seconds, and was likely to go on dividing iron or piercing paving-stones for ever and ever.

She obeyed him, and was content to fashion her life according to his will, chiefly because she had a vague consciousness that to argue with him, or to seek to influence him would be to attempt the impossible. Perhaps there was something more than this in her mind—some half-consciousness that there was a shapeless and invertebrate skeleton lurking in the shadowy back-ground of her new life, a dusky and impalpable creature which it would not be well for her to examine or understand. She was a cowardly little woman, and finding herself tolerably happy in the present, she did not care to pierce the veil of the future, or to cast anxious glances backward to the past. She thought it just possible that there might be people in the world base enough to hint that Philip Sheldon had married her for love of her eighteen thousand pounds rather than from pure devotion to herself. She knew that certain prudent friends and kindred in Barlingford had elevated their hands and eyebrows in speechless horror when they discovered that she had married her second husband without a settlement; while one grim and elderly uncle had asked her whether she did not expect her father to turn in his grave by reason of her folly.

Georgy had shrugged her shoulders peevishly when her Barlingford friends remonstrated with her, and had declared that people were very cruel to her, and that it was a hard thing she could not choose for herself for once in her life. As to the settlements that people talked of, she protested indignantly that she was not so mean as to fancy her future husband a thief, and that to tie up her money in all sorts of ways would be to imply as much. And then, as it was only a year since poor dear Tom's death, she had been anxious to marry without fuss or parade. In fact, there were a hundred reasons against legal interference and legal tying-up of the money, with all that dreadful jargon about "whereas," and "hereinafter," and "provided always," and "nothing herein contained," which seems to hedge round a sum of money so closely that it is doubtful whether the actual owner will ever be free to spend a sixpence of it after the execution of that formidable document intended to protect it from possible marauders.

George Sheldon had said something very near the truth when he had told Philip that Mrs. Halliday would be afraid to refuse him. The fair-haired, fair-faced little woman was afraid of the first lover of her girlhood. She had become his wife, and so far all things had gone well with her; but if misery and despair had been the necessary consequences of her union with him she must have married him all the same, so dominant was the influence by which he ruled her. Of course Georgy was not herself aware of her own dependence. She accepted all things as they were presented to her by a stronger mind than her own. She wore her handsome silk dresses, and was especially particular as to the adjustment of her bonnet-strings, knowing that the smallest impropriety of attire was obnoxious to the well-ordered mind of her second husband. She obeyed him very much as a child obeys a strict but not unkind schoolmaster. When he took her to a theatre or a race-course she sat by his side meekly, and felt like a child who has been good and is reaping the reward of goodness. And this state of things was in nowise disagreeable to her. She was perhaps quite as happy as it was in her nature to be; for she had no exalted capacity for happiness or misery. She felt that it was pleasant to have a handsome man, whose costume was always irreproachable, for her husband. Her only notion of a bad husband was a man who staid out late, and came home under the influence of strong liquors consumed in unknown localities and among unknown people. So, as Mr. Sheldon rarely went out after dinner, and was on all occasions the most temperate of men, she naturally considered her second husband the very model of conjugal perfection. Thus it was that domestic life had passed smoothly enough for Mr. Sheldon and his wife during the nine years which had elapsed since their marriage.

As to the eighteen thousand pounds which she had brought Philip Sheldon Georgy asked no questions. She knew that she enjoyed luxuries and splendors which had never been hers in Tom Halliday's lifetime, and she was content to accept the goods which her second husband provided. Mr. Sheldon had become a stock-broker, and had an office in some dusky court within a few hundred yards of the Stock Exchange; and according to his own account had trebled Georgy's thousands during the nine years in which they had been in his hands. How the unsuccessful surgeon-dentist had blossomed all at once into a fortunate speculator was a problem too profound for Georgy's consideration. She knew that her husband had allied himself to a certain established firm of stock-brokers, and that the alliance had cost him some thousands of Tom Halliday's money. She had heard of preliminary steps to be taken to secure his admission as a member of some mysterious confraternity vaguely spoken of as "The House;" and she knew that Tom Halliday's thousands had been the seed from which had sprung other thousands, and that her husband had been altogether triumphant and successful.

It may be that it is easier to rig the market than to induce a given number of people to resort to a certain dull street in Bloomsbury for the purpose of having teeth extracted by an unknown practitioner. It is possible that the stock-broker is like the poet, a creature who is born and not made; a gifted and inspired being, not to be perfected by any specific education; a child of spontaneous instincts and untutored faculties. Certain it is that the divine afflatus from the nostrils of the god Plutus seemed to have descended upon Philip Sheldon; for he had entered the Stock Exchange an inexperienced stranger, and he held his place there among men whose boyhood had been spent in the counting-houses of Capel Court, and whose youthful strength had been nourished in the chop-houses of Finch Lane and Threadneedle Street.

Mrs. Sheldon was satisfied with the general knowledge that Mr. Sheldon had been fortunate, and had never sought any more precise knowledge of her husband's affairs. Nor did she seek such knowledge even now, when her daughter was approaching womanhood, and might ere long have need of some dower out of her mother's fortune. Poor Tom, trusting implicitly in the wife he loved, and making his will only as a precautionary measure, at a time when he seemed good for fifty years of life and strength, had not troubled himself about remote contingencies, and had in nowise foreseen the probability of a second husband for Georgy and a step-father for his child.

Two children had been born to Mr. Sheldon since his marriage, and both had died in infancy. The loss of these children had fallen very heavily on the strong hard man, though he had never shed a tear or uttered a lamentation, or wasted an hour of his business-like existence by reason of his sorrow. Georgy had just sufficient penetration to perceive that her husband was bitterly disappointed when no more baby strangers came to replace those poor frail little lives which had

withered away and vanished in spite of his anxiety to hold them.

"It seems as if there was a blight upon *my* children," he once said, bitterly; and this was the only occasion on which his wife heard him complain of his evil fortune.

But one day when he had been particularly lucky in some speculation, when he had succeeded in achieving what his brother George spoke of as the "biggest line" he had ever done, Philip Sheldon came home to the Bayswater villa in a particularly bad humor, and for the first time since her marriage Georgy heard him quote a line of Scripture.

"Heaping up riches," he muttered, as he paced up and down the room; "heaping up riches, and ye can not tell who shall gather them."

His wife knew then that he was thinking of his children. During the brief lives of those two fragile boy-babies the stock-broker had been wont to talk much of future successes in the way of money-making to be achieved by him for the enrichment and exaltation of these children. They were gone now, and no more came to replace them. And though Philip Sheldon still devoted himself to the sublime art of money-making, and still took delight in successful time-bargains and all the scientific combinations of the money-market, the salt of life had lost something of its savor, and the chink of gold had lost somewhat of its music.

EVELINE'S VISITANT.

A Ghost Story.

IT was at a masked ball at the Palais Royal that my fatal quarrel with my first cousin Andre de Brissac began. The quarrel was about a woman. The women who followed the footsteps of Philip of Orleans were the causes of many such disputes; and there was scarcely one fair head in all that glittering throng which, to a man versed in social histories and mysteries, might not have seemed bedabbled with blood.

I shall not record the name of her for love of whom Andre de Brissac and I crossed one of the bridges, in the dim August dawn, on our way to the waste ground beyond the church of Saint-Germain des Pres.

There were many beautiful vipers in those days, and she was one of them. I can feel the chill breath of that August morning blowing in my face, as I sit in my dismal chamber at my chateau of Puy Verdun to-night, alone in the stillness, writing the strange story of my life. I can see the white mist rising from the river, the grim outline of the Chatelet, and the square towers of Notre Dame black against the pale gray sky. Even more vividly can I recall Andre's fair young face, as he stood opposite to me with his two friends—scoundrels both, and alike eager for that unnatural fray. We were a strange group to be seen in a summer sunrise, all of us fresh from the heat and clamor of the Regent's saloons—Andre, in a quaint hunting-dress copied from a family portrait at Puy Verdun, I costumed as one of Law's Mississippi Indians; the other men in like garish frippery, adorned with broideries and jewels that looked wan in the pale light of dawn.

Our quarrel had been a fierce one—a quarrel which could have but one result, and that the direst. I had struck him; and the welt raised by my open hand was crimson upon his fair womanish face as he stood opposite to me. The eastern sun shone on the face presently, and dyed the cruel mark with a deeper red; but the sting of my own wrongs was fresh, and I had not yet learned to despise myself for that brutal outrage.

To Andre de Brissac such an insult was most terrible. He was the favorite of Fortune, the favorite of women; and I was nothing—a rough soldier who had done my country good service, but in the boudoir of a Parabere a mannerless boor.

We fought, and I wounded him mortally. Life had been very sweet for him; and I think that a frenzy of despair took possession of him when he felt the life-blood ebbing away. He beckoned me to him as he lay on the ground. I went, and knelt at his side.

"Forgive me, Andre!" I murmured.

He took no more heed of my words than if that piteous entreaty had been the idle ripple of the river near at hand.

"Listen to me, Hector de Brissac," he said. "I am not one who believes that a man has done with earth because his eyes glaze and his jaw stiffens. They will bury me in the old vault at Puy Verdun; and you will be master of the chateau. Ah, I know how lightly they take things in these days, and how Dubois will laugh when he hears that *Ca* has been killed in a duel. They will bury me, and sing masses for my soul; but you and I have not finished our affair yet, my cousin. I will be with you when you least look to see me—I, with this ugly scar upon the face that women have praised and loved. I will come to you when your life seems brightest. I will come between you and all that you hold fairest and dearest. My ghostly hand shall drop a poison in your cup of joy. My shadowy form shall shut the sunlight from your life. Men with such iron will as mine can do what they please, Hector de Brissac. It is my will to haunt you when I am dead."

All this in short broken sentences he whispered into my ear. I had need to bend my ear close to his dying lips; but the iron will of Andre de Brissac was strong enough to do battle with Death, and I believe he said all he wished to say before his head fell back upon the velvet cloak they had spread beneath him, never to be lifted again.

As he lay there you would have fancied him a fragile stripling, too fair and frail for the struggle called life; but there are those who remember the brief manhood of Andre de Brissac, and who can bear witness to the terrible force of that proud nature.

I stood looking down at the young face with that foul mark upon it, and God knows I was sorry for what I had done.

Of those blasphemous threats which he had whispered in my ear I took no heed. I was a soldier, and a believer. There was nothing absolutely dreadful to me in the thought that I had killed this man. I had killed many men on the battle-field; and this one had done me cruel wrong.

My friends would have had me cross the frontier to escape the consequences of my act; but I was ready to face those consequences, and I remained in France. I kept aloof from the court, and received a hint that I had best confine myself to my own province. Many masses were chanted in the little chapel of Puy Verdun for the soul of my dead cousin, and his coffin filled a niche in the vault of our ancestors.

His death had made me a rich man; and the thought that it was so made my newly-acquired wealth very hateful to me. I lived a lonely existence in the old chateau, where I rarely held converse with any but the servants of the household, all of whom had served my cousin, and none of whom liked me.

It was a hard and bitter life. It galled me, when I rode through the village, to see the peasant-children shrink away from me. I have seen old women cross themselves stealthily as I passed them by. Strange reports had gone forth about me; and there were those who whispered that I had given my soul to the Evil One as the price of my cousin's heritage. From my boyhood I had been dark of visage and stern of manner; and hence, perhaps, no woman's love had ever been mine. I remember my mother's face in all its changes of expression; but I can remember no look of affection that ever shone on me. That other woman, beneath whose feet I laid my heart, was pleased to accept my homage, but she never loved me; and the end was treachery.

I had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures, when a feverish desire seized upon me, and I pined to be back in the press and throng of the busy world once again. I went back to Paris, where I kept myself aloof from the court, and where an angel took compassion upon me.

She was the daughter of an old comrade, a man whose merits had been neglected, whose achievements had been ignored, and who sulked in his shabby lodging like a rat in a hole, while all Paris went mad with the Scotch Financier, and gentlemen and lackeys were trampling one another to death in the Rue Quincampoix. The only child of this little cross-grained old captain of dragoons was an incarnate sunbeam, whose mortal name was Eveline Duchalet.

She loved me. The richest blessings of our lives are often those which cost us least. I wasted the best years of my youth in the worship of a wicked woman, who jilted and cheated me at last. I gave this meek angel but a few courteous words—a little fraternal tenderness—and lo, she loved me! The life which had been so dark and desolate grew bright beneath her influence; and I went back to Puy Verdun with a fair young bride for my companion.

Ah, how sweet a change there was in my life and in my home! The village children no longer shrank appalled as the dark horseman rode by, the village crones no longer crossed themselves; for a woman rode by his side—a woman whose charities had won the love of all those ignorant creatures, and whose companionship had transformed the gloomy lord of the chateau into a loving husband and a gentle master. The old retainers forgot the untimely fate of my cousin, and served me with cordial willingness for love of their young mistress.

There are no words which can tell the pure and perfect happiness of that time. I felt like a traveler who had traversed the frozen seas of an arctic region, remote from human love or human companionship, to find himself on a sudden in the bosom of a verdant valley, in the sweet atmosphere of home. The change seemed too bright to be real; and I strove in vain to put away from my mind the vague suspicion that my new life was but some fantastic dream.

So brief were those halcyon hours, that, looking back on them now, it is scarcely strange if I am still half inclined to fancy the first days of my married life could have been no more than a dream.

Neither in my days of gloom nor in my days of happiness had I been troubled by the recollection of Andre's blasphemous oath. The words which with his last breath he had whispered in my ear were vain and meaningless to me. He had vented his rage in those idle threats as he might have vented it in idle execrations. That he will haunt the footsteps of his enemy after death is the one revenge which a dying man can promise himself; and if men had power thus to avenge themselves, the earth would be peopled with phantoms.

I had lived for three years at Puy Verdun; sitting alone in the solemn midnight by the hearth where he had sat, pacing the corridors that had echoed his footfall; and in all that time my fancy had never so played me false as to shape the shadow of the dead.

Is it strange, then, if I had forgotten Andre's horrible promise?

There was no portrait of my cousin at Puy Verdun. It was the age of boudoir art, and a miniature set in the lid of a gold bonbonniere, or hidden artfully in a massive bracelet, was more fashionable than a clumsy life-size image, fit only to hang on the gloomy walls of a provincial chateau rarely visited by its owner. My cousin's fair face had adorned more than one bonbonniere, and had been concealed in more than one bracelet; but it was not among the faces that looked down from the paneled walls of Puy Verdun.

In the library I found a picture which awoke painful associations. It was the portrait of a De Brissac, who had flourished in the time of Francis the First; and it was from this picture that my cousin Andre had copied the quaint hunting-dress he wore at the Regent's ball. The library was a room in which I spent a good deal of my life; and I ordered a curtain to be hung before this picture.

We had been married three months when Eveline one day asked,

"Who is the lord of the chateau nearest to this?"

I looked at her with astonishment.

"My dearest," I answered, "do you not know that there is no other chateau within forty miles of Puy Verdun?"

"Indeed!" she said; "that is strange."

I asked her why the fact seemed strange to her; and after much entreaty I obtained from her the reason of her surprise.

In her walks about the park and woods during the last month she had met a man who, by his dress and bearing, was obviously of noble rank. She had imagined that he occupied some chateau near at hand, and that his estate adjoined ours. I was at a loss to imagine who this stranger could be; for my estate of Puy Verdun lay in the heart of a desolate region, and unless when some traveler's coach went lumbering and jingling through the village, one had little more chance of encountering a gentleman than of meeting a demigod.

"Have you seen this man often, Eveline?" I asked.

She answered, in a tone which had a touch of sadness, "I see him every day."

"Where, dearest?"

"Sometimes in the park, sometimes in the wood. You know the little cascade, Hector, where there is some old neglected rock-work that forms a kind of cavern. I have taken a fancy to that spot, and have spent many mornings there reading. Of late I have seen the stranger there every morning."

"He has never dared to address you?"

"Never. I have looked up from my book, and have seen him standing at a little distance, watching me silently. I have continued reading; and when I have raised my eyes again I have found him gone. He must approach and depart with a stealthy tread, for I never hear his footfall. Sometimes I have almost wished that he would speak to me. It is so terrible to see him standing silently there."

"He is some insolent peasant who seeks to frighten you."

My wife shook her head.

"He is no peasant," she answered. "It is not by his dress alone I judge, for that is strange to me. He has an air of nobility which it is impossible to mistake."

"Is he young or old?"

"He is young and handsome."

I was much disturbed by the idea of this stranger's intrusion on my wife's solitude, and I went straight to the village to inquire if any stranger had been seen there. I could hear of no one. I questioned the servants closely, but without result. Then I determined to accompany my wife in her walks, and to judge for myself of the rank of the stranger.

For a week I devoted all my mornings to rustic rambles with Eveline in the park and woods; and in all that week we saw no one but an occasional peasant in *sabots*, or one of our own household returning from a neighboring farm.

I was a man of studious habits, and those summer rambles disturbed the even current of my life. My wife perceived this, and entreated me to trouble myself no further.

"I will spend my mornings in the pleasaunce, Hector," she said; "the stranger can not intrude upon me there."

"I begin to think the stranger is only a phantasm of your own romantic brain," I replied, smiling at the earnest face lifted to mine. "A chatelaine who is always reading romances may well meet handsome cavaliers in the woodlands. I dare say I have Mdlle Scuderi to thank for this noble stranger, and that he is only the great Cyrus in modern costume."

"Ah! that is the point which mystifies me, Hector," she said. "The stranger's costume is not modern. He looks as an old picture might look if it could descend from its frame."

Her words pained me, for they reminded me of that hidden picture in the library, and the quaint hunting costume of orange and purple which Andre de Brissac wore at the Regent's ball.

After this my wife confined her walks to the pleasaunce; and for many weeks I heard no more of the nameless stranger. I dismissed all thought of him from my mind, for a graver and heavier care had come upon me. My wife's health began to droop. The change in her was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to those who watched her day by day. It was only when she put on a rich gala dress which she had not worn for months that I saw how wasted the form must be on which the embroidered bodice hung so loosely, and how wan and dim were the eyes which had once been brilliant as the jewels she wore in her hair.

I sent a messenger to Paris to summon one of the court physicians; but I knew that many days must needs elapse before he could arrive at Puy Verdun.

In the interval I watched my wife with unutterable fear.

It was not her health only that had declined. The change was more painful to behold than any physical alteration. The bright and sunny spirit had vanished, and in the place of my joyous young bride I beheld a woman weighed down by rooted melancholy. In vain I sought to fathom the cause of my darling's sadness. She assured me that she had no reason for sorrow or discontent, and that if she seemed sad without a motive I must forgive her sadness, and consider it as a misfortune rather than a fault.

I told her that the court physician would speedily find some cure for her despondency, which must needs arise from physical causes, since she had no real ground for sorrow. But although she said nothing, I could see she had no hope or belief in the healing powers of medicine.

One day, when I wished to beguile her from that pensive silence in which she was wont to sit an hour at a time, I told her, laughing, that she appeared to have forgotten her mysterious cavalier of the wood, and it seemed also as if he had forgotten her.

To my wonderment, her pale face became of a sudden crimson; and from crimson changed to pale again in a breath.

"You have never seen him since you deserted your woodland grotto?" I said.

She turned to me with a heart-rending look.

"Hector," she cried, "I see him every day; and it is that which is killing me."

She burst into a passion of tears when she had said this. I took her in my arms as if she had been a frightened child, and tried to comfort her.

"My darling, this is madness," I said. "You know that no stranger can come to you in the pleasaunce. The moat is ten feet wide and always full of water, and the gates are kept locked day and night by old Massou. The chatelaine of a medieval fortress need fear no intruder in her antique garden."

My wife shook her head sadly.

"I see him every day," she said.

On this I believed that my wife was mad. I shrank from questioning her more closely concerning her mysterious visitant. It would be ill, I thought, to give a form and substance to the shadow that tormented her by too close inquiry about its look and manner, its coming and going.

I took care to assure myself that no stranger to the household could by any possibility penetrate to the pleasaunce. Having done this, I was fain to await the coming of the physician.

He came at last. I revealed to him the conviction which was my misery. I told him that I believed my wife to be mad. He saw her—spent an hour alone with her, and then came to me. To my unspeakable relief he assured me of her sanity.

"It is just possible that she may be affected by one delusion," he said; "but she is so reasonable upon all other points that I can scarcely bring myself to believe her the subject of a monomania. I am rather inclined to think that she really sees the person of whom she speaks. She described him to me with a perfect minuteness. The descriptions of scenes or individuals given by patients afflicted with monomania are always more or less disjointed; but your wife spoke to me as clearly and calmly as I am now speaking to you. Are you sure there is no one who can approach her in that garden where she walks?"

"I am quite sure."

"Is there any kinsman of your steward, or hanger-on of your household—a young man with a fair, womanish face, very pale, and rendered remarkable by a crimson scar, which looks like the mark of a blow?"

"My God!" I cried, as the light broke in upon me all at once. "And the dress—the strange, old-fashioned dress?"

"The man wears a hunting costume of purple and orange," answered the doctor.

I knew then that Andre de Brissac had kept his word, and that in the hour when my life was brightest his shadow had come between me and happiness.

I showed my wife the picture in the library, for I would fain assure myself that there was some error in my fancy about my cousin. She shook like a leaf when she beheld it, and clung to me convulsively.

"This is witchcraft, Hector," she said. "The dress in that picture is the dress of the man I see in the pleasaunce; but the face is not his."

Then she described to me the face of the stranger; and it was my cousin's face line for line—Andre de Brissac, whom she had never seen in the flesh. Most vividly of all did she describe the cruel mark upon his face—the trace of a fierce blow from an open hand.

After this I carried my wife away from Puy Verdun. We wandered far—through the southern provinces, and into the very heart of Switzerland. I thought to distance the ghastly phantom, and I fondly hoped that change of scene would bring peace to my wife.

It was not so. Go where we would the ghost of Andre de Brissac followed us. To my eyes that fatal shadow never revealed itself. *That* would have been too poor a vengeance. It was my wife's innocent heart which Andre made the instrument of his revenge. The unholy presence destroyed her life. My constant companionship could not shield her from the horrible intruder. In vain did I watch her; in vain did I strive to comfort her.

"He will not let me be at peace," she said; "he comes between us, Hector. He is standing between us now. I can see his face with the red mark upon it plainer than I see yours."

One fair, moonlight night, when we were together in a mountain village in the Tyrol, my wife cast herself at my feet, and told me she was the worst and vilest of women.

"I have confessed all to my director," she said; "from the first I have not hidden my sin from Heaven. But I feel that death is near me; and before I die I would fain reveal my sin to you."

"What sin, my sweet one?"

"When first the stranger came to me in the forest his presence bewildered and distressed me, and I shrank from him as from something strange and terrible. He came again and again; by-and-by I found myself thinking of him and watching for his coming. His image haunted me perpetually; I strove in vain to shut his face out of my mind. Then followed an interval in which I did not see him; and, to my shame and anguish, I found that life seemed dreary and desolate without him. After that came the time in which he haunted the pleasaunce; and—oh, Hector, kill me if you will, for I deserve no mercy at your hands!—I grew in those days to count the hours that must elapse before his coming, to take no pleasure save in the sight of that pale face with the red brand upon it. He plucked all old, familiar joys out of my heart, and left in it but one weird, unholy pleasure—the delight of his presence. For a year I have lived but to see him. And now curse me, Hector, for this is my sin. Whether it comes of the baseness of my own heart, or is the work of witchcraft, I know not; but I know that I have striven against this wickedness in vain."

I took my wife to my breast and forgave her. In sooth, what had I to forgive? Was the fatality that overshadowed us any work of hers? On the next night she died, with her hand in mine; and at the very last she told me, sobbing and affrighted, that *he* was by her side.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE PARADISE OF THE COMPASSIONATE—The Pitti Palace.

GIVINGS.

He gave her his name, and he gave her his hand,
  That earl with his quarterings twenty,
He gave her his houses, he gave her his land,
  And he gave her pin-money in plenty.

He gave her gay dresses, lace, feather, and gem,
  And furs, as though ermines were weasels,
And flowers—when they cost him a guinea a stem—
  And paintings from thousands of easels.
And she in return for his giving her them,
  In her gratitude gave him the measles.

DOUBTFUL.—"I do not say that man will steal," said a witness on a trial, "but if I was a chicken I'd roost high when he was around."

What is the nearest sound to the Isle of Dogs?—Barking Creek, we should imagine.

In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it fail.

THE AGE WHICH ALL GIRLS DESIRE TO ATTAIN—Marri-age.

Fifty years ago an old woman named Brown, the wife of a Deal boatman, had charge and kept the key of the Deal theatre. The manager, calling upon her preparatory to commencing the summer season asked: "What sort of a winter have you passed, Mrs. Brown?" "Dreadful, Sir," she replied. "If a kind Providence had not sent us two or three wrecks, I don't know what would have become of us."

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty?—Because no one ever saw it before.

RECIPROCITY.—You may safely mind other people's business. They will be sure to mind yours.

MEDICAL.—It has been observed that in northern countries the cold invariably proceeds to extremities.

What remark ought a gentleman to make to a friend when showing him a box of imported cigars?—Havana (have-any)?

DOMESTIC TOAST.—May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, was suddenly interrupted by his wife asking him the question—one which has puzzled the oldest divines—"Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "To be sure we shall. Do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?"

HINT TO WHIST-PLAYERS.—If you can, secure a tee-totaler for your partner: naturally he will not bottle-up his trumps.

A SMILING COUNTENANCE is "The Happy Mien."

"You can do any thing if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogy to his son; "water may be carried in a sieve if you can wait." "How long?" inquired the son, an impudent young America, who could hardly wait for the father's obituary. "'Till it freezes."

When is a dead body not a dead body?—When it's a gal-on-a-bier.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously.

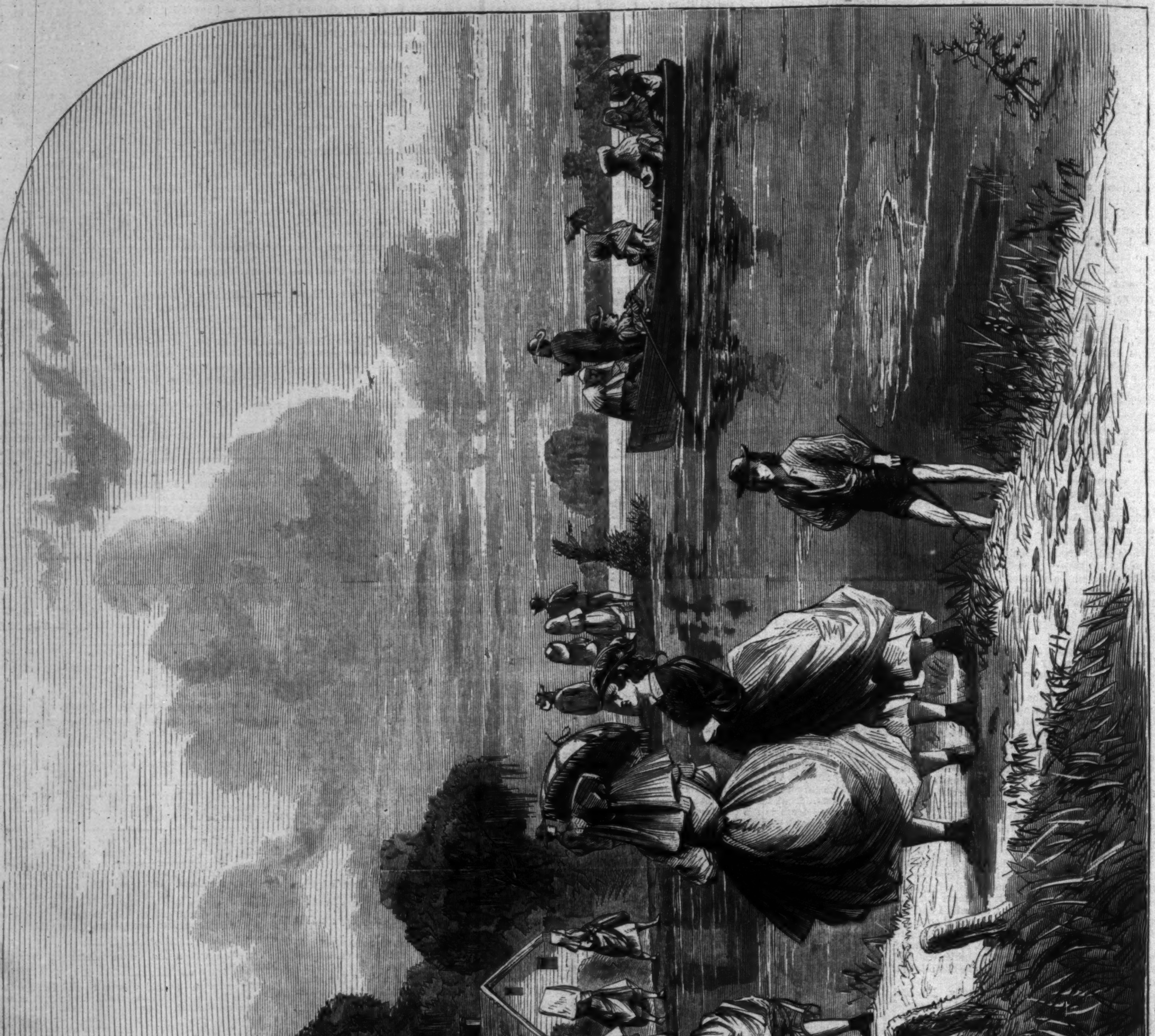
"Matter!" said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. ——.

"Ten cents! She told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I duz; and, what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.



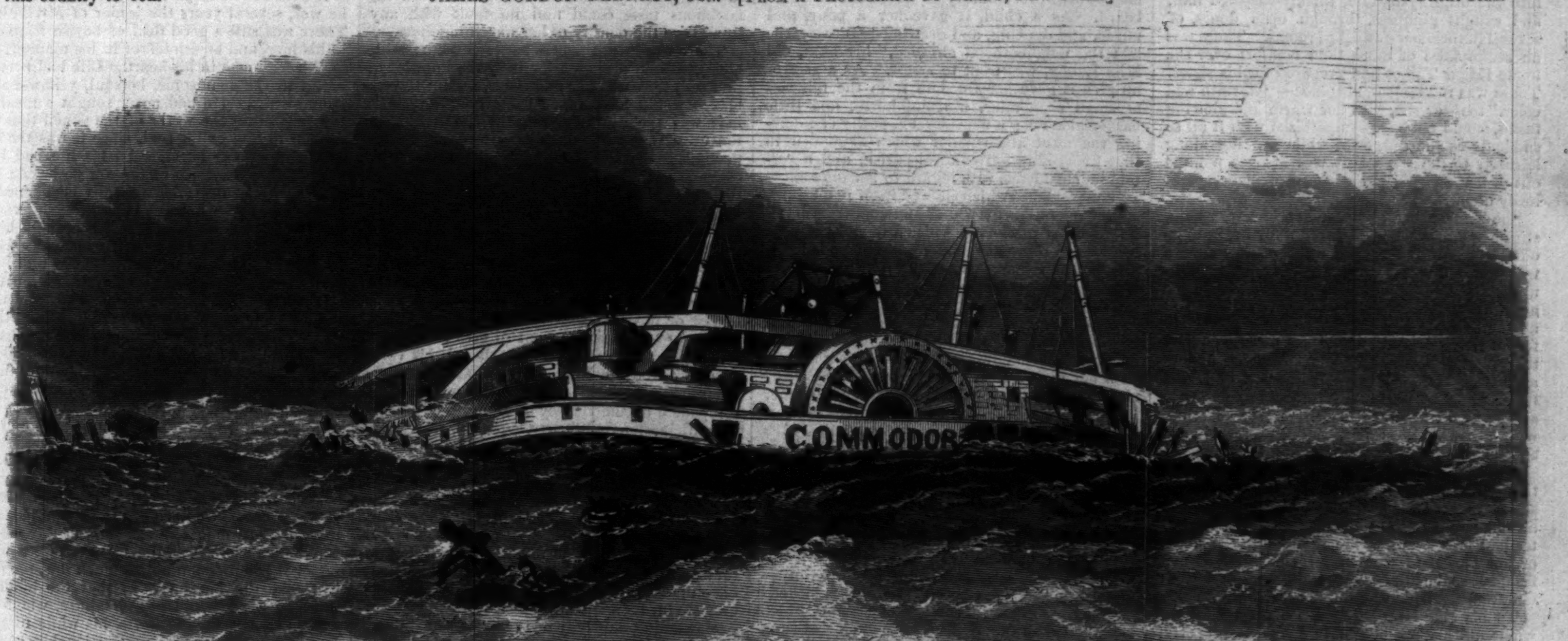
COMING FROM CHURCH—SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

THE Ocean Yacht Race continues to be the sensation in England, and indeed in Europe; and young BENNETT and the *Henrietta* create as much interest there as COLUMBUS and his smaller vessel did on this side of the Atlantic a few centuries ago.—The three contesting yachts have been reviewed by Queen VICTORIA, and an interview granted by her Majesty to the victor and Commodore M'VICKAR. At the suggestion of the Queen, her son Prince ALFRED, Duke of Edinburgh, accepted the challenge thrown to the world by Mr. BENNETT, Jun., and the race of the Prince's yacht, the *Viking*, against the *Henrietta*, is to take place in August next, around the Isle of Wight. Subsequently the Commodore and Mr. BENNETT dined with Prince ALFRED, and went to the ball of the Mersey Yacht Club. On the 4th of January Mr. BENNETT was visited by Prince CHRISTIAN, and invited to Windsor Castle. Invitations to Paris and St. Petersburg were received, and a general disposition manifested to lionize the Americans and their victorious representative.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., the victor in the late race, of whom we give this week an admirable portrait, is still a very young man. He was born in this city, but educated in Europe, his early education being superintended by his mother, one of the finest linguists in the country. She took her son to Paris when a mere infant, and his youth was passed in that city—the greater part of it in sailing miniature yachts on the lakes in the garden of the Tuileries. It is related of him that he took great interest in these miniature boats, and was never so much delighted as when racing with and beating the boats of the Johnny Bulls who engaged in the same sport. After a thorough course of preparatory instruction by his mother, he entered the French College at Versailles, and graduated some time in 1860, when he returned to this country to commence the study of journalism, which was selected as his profession, his tutor in this branch of his education, naturally enough, being his father, the editor of the *Herald*. Shortly after commencing this course, however, the rebellion began, and young BENNETT volunteered for duty, and gave the use of his yacht in the naval service of the Government. He took part in the capture of St. Augustine, Fernandina, and Forts Clinch and Marian; but subsequently released from active duty and placed on revenue service, he got disgusted with his tamer duties, and, resigning his volunteer rank, returned to his studies in his father's sanctum.—He was first placed in charge of the Weekly *Herald*; but in May, 1865, on the retirement of Mr. FREDERICK HUDSON from the position of managing editor of the Daily *Herald*, Mr. BENNETT, Jun., assumed that charge, and has since devoted himself principally to editing, but occasionally to yachting. His passion for the manly sport in which he has lately won such distinction that already he is nominated for Commodore of the Yacht Squadron is a ruling passion with him; and the first race of the New York Club, as well as its last and most important, were originated by him. In person, manner, and habits he will be a creditable representative on the other side even at the hospitable boards of queens and dukes, or racing with princes of the realm.—His father once dubbed JOHN VAN BUREN, after he had danced with the youthful VICTORIA, "Prince JOHN," but he will doubtless be too modest to call his son "Prince JIM" on account of his hobnobbing with the same lady in her more advanced years.—In person young BENNETT is tall, and though thin, without useless flesh on his body, is muscular and full of life. In complexion he is fair, with eyes of gray and hair of light brown; and in character impulsive and generous. He is very popular in the establishment which he controls, and in the New York Yacht Club.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]



WRECK OF THE STEAMER "COMMODORE."—FROM A SKETCH BY ERASMUS W. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

IN TWELVE MONTHLY PARTS.

CHAPTER I.

MISS TALBOT COMES HOME.

There was very little light left in the sky on the cold, murky, January night on which this story commences. The moon was young and easily overshadowed, and, though the first watch of the night was given to the "red planet Mars," he kept it unseen by the citizens of London. Fog, in fact, reigned supreme, when the girl who is to play the first part in this drama got out of a respectable-looking brougham at the door of a tall house in Victoria Street, Westminster, and prepared to enter it, and upon the career through which we shall follow her.

The broad blaze of light which fell out to meet and welcome her, as it were, dazzled her for an instant as she went up the steps and into the hall,—a hall that, in the language of advertisements, was really of palatial proportions, and up from which a spiral staircase curved away into space. A fire burned in a huge stove in the centre, and a burly porter sat in a huge chair by the door of this hall. Altogether there was a discomposing air of magnitude about every thing, that was oppressive to a tired traveler who found herself in London for the first time in her life.

"I am Miss Talbot; can I have come to the right house?" she asked, quickly, of a grim-looking servant in gray livery, who had come out on the step to meet her. And he conveyed to her mind the fact that she had come to the right house; that it "would be well for her to walk up stairs; and that master would be home to dinner in half an hour," in the low tones and succinct manner of well-trained servitude.

Coexistent with the oppression there had been a sense of elation at the size and splendor of this home to which she had come. But the elation vanished as she mounted flight after flight of the broad, cold, clean stone stairs; and it was borne in upon her mind, through the agency of several brass plates on several doors, that many families were resident in this mansion; and that it was a fair pedestrian feat to mount from the street-door to the topmost "flat," where her brother, to whom she had come home, dwelt in bachelor freedom and comfort, which he was about to break up for her sake.

Elation was her portion again when she came into the brightly-lighted, thickly-carpeted hall, and caught glimpses, through open doors, of several luxuriously-furnished rooms. There was an atmosphere of more than comfort over the home Edgar Talbot had prepared for his sister. There was refinement, elegance—"warmth and color," too—or she, with her warm and glowing tastes, would not have sympathized with it all so suddenly as she did, even while walking along leisurely to the room that was at once pointed out to her as hers, and seeming to glance carelessly about her.

She enjoyed it all with such a hearty, young, strong appreciation! Enjoyed it for itself, without giving much thought to the possible motive which had brought it about. For a few minutes, as she stood between two subtly-adjusted glasses that reflected her own perfect figure and all the delicate appointments of the room, she forgot that a brother, whom she had never seen to remember, was coming home to dinner in half an hour. Then she reminded herself of it and the old adage about first impressions; and then she went on to attire herself for the meeting, with all the kindliest memories of him which she could collect, and by reorganizing her dress.

There had been little plot, little incident, little action in her life as yet. Twenty years ago she had been left (a baby of two) to the care of an old maiden aunt of her mother's. The latter had lapsed out of life soon after the death of her husband; who in turn had died after a feeble wrestle with fever in Calcutta, leaving four children, for whom he provided as follows:

To his eldest son, Edgar Talbot, he left the whole of his business and personal property, charged with the following legacies and bequests, viz.:

To his widow £150 per annum only, "because her tastes were simple, and more would be unnecessary."

To Lionel Talbot, his second son, five thousand pounds, and a recommendation to go into the army when he should be old enough.

To Marion Talbot, his eldest daughter, one thousand pounds and her mother's jewels.

To Beatrix Talbot, his youngest daughter—not even so much as a mention.

There were many reasons assigned at the time for this cruel and unjust caprice by people who knew nothing about it. Men said that old Talbot must have had good cause for making such an invidious exception with regard to the baby Beatrix; and Mrs. Talbot heard the sayings in silence, and bent her already bowed head still lower, and offered no one an explanation. Hard words and harder suspicions were bruited abroad, even in the first days of her widowhood, about the pale, pretty woman who had meekly borne the burden of being old Talbot's wife for thirteen or fourteen years, and who now could not be got to declare that there was any thing unfair in a will that not only left her youngest child and herself paupers, but that put them under a heavy cloud. Without demur, or repining, or reproach, she accepted the position, and let evil tongues wag unchecked, unchid, till her boys' guardians relieved her of their charge. Then she brought her daughters home to the house of her aunt in the English country, and presently faded away under the influence of the cloud which had no silver lining.

The children's guardians had removed Marian from that quiet old home at her mother's death. But Beatrix had been suffered to remain on—there were no instructions about her. Marian went to school and grew and prospered; and at nineteen—five or six years before the opening of this story—"married very comfortably," every one said, and she never contradicted them; and, together with the rest of the Talbots, concurred in forgetting the little outcast down at Stoke Basing—who had, meanwhile, developed from the baby Bee into a beautiful girl, known as Miss Talbot throughout that country-side. A girl from whom the shadow cast by her father's neglect was lifted as soon as she was looked upon. A bright, brave, thorough-bred creature, who had grown into every feminine grace without care or culture, or consideration from the brothers and sister who were but names to her.

When their mother died the £150, which had been left by the Calcutta merchant to his widow for her life, was still, by the clemency of the managers of Edgar's fortune, remitted quarterly for the benefit of the child, for whom no provision had been made. The same arrangement continued after Edgar attained his majority, and took matters into his own hands. On this £150 Beatrix was a princess among the people of Stoke Basing. It provided her with every comfort; more—with every luxury of which she had ever heard. As a child, it gave her a pony, and music, and dancing, and drawing-lessons—"the best the neighborhood afforded," her aunt, old Miss Lenox, was wont to assert. As a grown-up girl, it gave her freedom from the miseries of small economies, a riding-horse, and little basket-phaeton; a considerable power of relieving the want and squalor which abounded in that flourishing agricultural parish, and a certain independence with regard to her old aunt—an independence which showed itself in a bright, cheery toleration for whims and querulous manifestations of authority, which would have been irksome to the point of non-endurance had the girl not felt that it was within her power to break her bonds at any time.

For Miss Lenox was not at all the ideal aged relative of romance. She was a hard-mannered, good, conscientious, narrow-minded woman, who, though she would have charged herself with her niece's child at any cost and under any circumstances, never failed to count the former and bewail the latter as among her many crosses. There was compensation in the conviction Miss Lenox had that these (the crosses) were giving her a high place among the elect of Stoke Basing. And there was consolation in the reflection that the cost would have been greater, and the circumstances more lamentable, had Beatrix had nothing a year of her own instead of £150.

On the whole it must be confessed that it was merely the sorrow of surprise and uncertainty—merely the shock one feels at any long-continued habit of living being abruptly rent asunder, which Beatrix Talbot experienced when old Miss Lenox died. The great difference the event would make in her life did not present itself to her mind. She was conscious, vaguely, that it would necessitate some alteration in her mode of living. She would want fewer servants and a smaller house; she would want some one to spend the long winter evenings with her; and—there her plans became wavy, and she felt that she would need to consult some friend, and knew that she had none whose counsel she could care to take.

But before the funeral day came Beatrix was relieved of the responsibility of herself. Her eldest brother, Edgar, wrote to her and offered her a home with him in words that read like an order. She was to go to him as soon as she could conveniently pack up her own personal belongings; and she was "to believe that henceforth her happiness and welfare would be the chief objects in life of her affectionate brother,

"Edgar Talbot."

She was very glad to believe that, or any thing else that sounded kind in those early days of the desolation that always sets in after the death of any one—glad to believe it, and anxious to go up and verify it. She was on the point of doing the latter (she hoped) when we parted from her just now.

She had done away with every trace of travel-stain and weariness when she came out of her room in response to a communication she received that Mr. Talbot was waiting for her in the drawing-room. It was natural to her to be careful and fastidious, and to study the becoming at all times, and she had never felt the obligation upon her to obey this natural instinct so strongly as she did to-night. "I should like him to think me nice at once," she thought, as she moved along to the meeting, alternately depressed by the fear that her brother might find her rustic and uncultivated, and cheered by the memory of the last look in the glass.

As she went into the room, a gentleman, a young man of nine-and-twenty or thirty, came forward to meet her. He kissed her on the forehead, hoped they should get on well together, and then held her off to "have a look at what the baby Bee had grown into," as he said. This was what he saw:

A girl rather above the middle height, yet not tall, splendidly and fully formed, rounded and finely developed, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, slender-wristed. A girl with just so much sway about her when she walked as was suggestive of action unfettered by tight clothing. A girl who had the art of standing perfectly erect without looking stiff—a combination, in short, of perfect health, grace, and freedom.

Her perfection of outline, her rare symmetry of form, took the eyes of the man who advanced to meet her, and chained them away from her face for a moment or two. But when she held back a little, still with her hands in his grasp, and lifted her eyes and told him she was glad to be with him—her brother—at last; when she did this, he saw that the graceful promise of beauty which had been given him by the first glimpse of her was gloriously fulfilled. She was a superb, glowing-hued beauty, rich in the gracious coloring of chestnut hair and violet eyes; very perfect in feature, too—not with the perfection of aquiline regularity, but with the more winning loveliness that goes with a nose that is straight in itself, and still not straight down from the forehead—and with richly-red laughing lips, that were quicker to part or pout than to adapt themselves to the "prunes and prism" forms.

As Edgar Talbot looked down into the well-opened, fearless eyes; as he marked the expression that swept over her face as she felt the intensity of his observation—an expression that was a queer combination of blush, and frown, and smile—he read a portion of her character, and recognized all her beauty. There was plenty of pride, plenty of self-possession, and plenty of self-will in this country-nurtured sister of his. She looked as if she could be very devoted and very defiant, if she were called upon to be either. He liked her very much already. Liked her for the good looks that would surely make her remarkable; liked the turn of her head, and the tone of her clear full voice; liked her for being so unmistakably a gentlewoman, that even his fastidious taste could find no fault with any thing save the density of her mourning dress.

There was little likeness between them: still, had you been prepared for it by the knowledge that they were brother and sister, a faint resemblance would have made itself manifest. His hair was the same color as hers, but without the wave that made hers luxuriant, or the reflections that made it rich. His eyes were gray—sensible, thoughtful, kind, but never soft in their glances. He was a tall, well-formed man, but he stooped, and so lost a little both in height and air. He was quiet in manner, quiet in voice, quiet in style. Beatrix, to whom his occupation in life was as unknown as his local habitation had been before this day, put him down for a follower of one or other of the sage professions of law or physic. He had very much the look, to her, of one who was wont to give advice and to have it taken. His tones—though his voice was low and unmarked by inflection—were quick, prompt, decided. Beatrix had been accompanied on the journey up from Stoke Basing by anticipations of liberty, equality, fraternity. These anticipations fled as he led her in to dinner, and planted her on a chair at the head of his table, and generally took care and command of her.

Gradually, as the dinner went on, Edgar Talbot evoked some old memories about their father and mother, and their old home in Calcutta, that had the effect of making Beatrix feel that, once upon a time, there had been a link, however slight, between them.

"I can just, and only just remember mamma," Beatrix said, in response. "It may be only that I think I can remember her, from having heard aunt Lenox talk about her so much. Her hair used to be loose and soft, and to hang over her face a good deal."

"I have no doubt it did," Edgar answered, as a vision of what used to strike his tight, neat young mind as untidiness in his mother crossed his memory. "Marian is very like her mother; she will be here to see you to-morrow."

"And Lionel?"

"Lionel will come in by-and-by. I asked him to dine with us, but he is very much engaged just now with a friend of his who is ill."

"What are they like—Marian and Lionel?"

"Marian is a charming woman, I believe. Every one who has nothing to do with her is quite delighted with Mrs. Sutton. But you will have much to do with her naturally; therefore I warn you, Beatrix, Marian is a fool, and a dangerous one."

"And Lionel?"

"Lionel and I don't look upon life in the same way, but for all that I know him to be one of the best fellows that ever breathed."

And, for the first time, there was a touch of feeling in Mr. Talbot's voice.

"He is in the army, is he not?" Beatrix asked.

"In an army the ranks of which are rather too crowded for there to be much chance of speedy promotion. He is an artist, and a clever one, too."

"And now tell me about Mr. Sutton, Edgar," Beatrix said, calling her brother by his Christian name for the first time.

"Mr. Sutton is—Marian's husband. His mission in life is to be always on the look-out to save his wife from the consequences of her own folly, and to do it without being detected. For a few weeks you will be very much thrown with Marian. I am sorry to say it is unavoidable; and I tell you again that you must be careful with her."

"Why?"

"It is almost impossible to put you on guard against the precise form of mischief she may work. Once accept the fact of her being false, even when there is not the remotest possibility of her gaining any thing by it, and you will be all right. You will soon be independent of her. I have secured an unexceptionable chaperon for you."

"Will she live here?—with us?" Beatrix asked, in a dismayed tone. She had indulged in a dream of an existence which the presence of an unexceptionable chaperon would most surely mar. She had designed being companion, sympathizer, friend to this brother, who had given her a proper home at last—a place in the family from which fate had hitherto debarred her. It was disheartening to hear that another was coming to share the home and possibly to rule her.

"Of course she will live here," Mr. Talbot replied, laughing. "My dear girl, you did not imagine that, in our position, you could be left to take yourself into society, did you?"

"Shall I not go with you, Edgar? I really know nothing about it, remember, only I thought—"

"That you could live a life of picturesque independence in London. No, no; you will soon see the advantage as well as the necessity of having Mrs. Lyon with you."

For a few moments Beatrix struggled against the conviction that she should not soon see either the advantages or the necessity of the invader; then, even to herself, she seemed to conquer it. It was flattering that her brother should have such a high sense of what was due to her, that he seemed bent on using all the precautions in his power that might aid in placing her well. Or was it a high sense of what was due to himself only? She had no time to consider the question, for, immediately as it arose, Mr. Lionel Talbot was announced, and her store of family interests and feelings was at once increased.

Her heart went out affectionately to this second brother on the instant, as, just placing a hand on Edgar's shoulder in passing, Lionel came up and greeted her with a loving kindness that brought her nearer to him at once than she ever could be to Edgar, she felt. He looked as he was, several years the junior of Mr. Talbot. There was still a good deal of boyish frankness in his face, and boyish fervor in his manner, and boyish freshness in his heart. Life had been no battle to the handsome, hopeful, yellow-haired young artist. He had never sought a mean or low reward for the works of the pencil that was as dear to him as his soul, since it was the deft exponent of the latter. All his life had been spent in the exercise of the art he loved; and the labor had never been fitfully brightened by the thought of what it might bring him. He practiced it unremittingly, and it brought him a great deal; but it was ever the means to which he sacrificed, not the result. He was utterly devoid of what is popularly called ambition concerning it. The hope of being widely and well-named had never entered into his consideration; and had it done so, would have had no charms for him. The lofty beauty of the art he adored could receive no additional grace had a million tongues wagged in honor of such proficiency as he had attained. So he thought, and so he acted; keeping the faith he had in it pure and undefiled by any poor schemings for success, or paltry strivings after commendation, publicity, or reward.

A character lacking in energy, perhaps—in the energy, that is, that belongs to this period, urging each one madly to the fore, at any cost of conscience as regards the manner of his work, under the impression not so much that the devil will take the hindmost, as that the hindmost must be a poor and pitiful failure, whom the devil will not find it worth his while to take. Lacking in that energy, unquestionably, and yet full of the better sort that does not flag in oblivion; full of the perseverance that has, over and over again, won the loftiest rewards, and that remains the best proof of the truth of the statement that the race is not always to the swift: a character that possessed those grand ingredients of strength, a power of waiting, a patience that

would not be worn out, and an earnestness of purpose that made him seek out and practice whatever was true, whether it were telling or not.

Withal, no self-appointed apostle of a possibly purer creed than his fellows practiced and avowed; but a bright-hearted man, who unconsciously impressed others through the agency of the inborn trust he had in truth in every conceivable form. The sentiment Edgar had expressed was a very general one about Lionel Talbot. "Lionel and I don't look upon life in the same way; but for all that I know him to be one of the best fellows that ever breathed," was the unspoken thought of most men whose ways of life were much with the young painter who was playing for high stakes almost unwittingly.

"Affectionate as he is to me, and honestly glad as he is to see me, I wonder he never found me out at Stoke Basing," Beatrix thought. Then she worded her wonder—his clear blue eyes, his open brow, and the smiling lips which the yellow mustache partially concealed, invited confidence.

"I have spent my life in Germany and Italy," he answered. "I only came to England a month ago, Beatrix. I am almost as great a stranger to Edgar and Marian as you can be."

Then he talked to Beatrix of what she knew of literature and art, and found she knew a great deal very imperfectly. And when they spoke of music, she gave him the result of the Stoke Basing instruction; and as she sang bright airs faultily and brilliantly, Edgar Talbot congratulated himself on having fulfilled an obvious duty, and at the same time drawn a card that could not fail to win the prize for which he had long been playing—position and place for the family of which he was the chief representative.

"What is Edgar?" Beatrix asked, abruptly, pausing in her play once, when Mr. Talbot had been summoned to speak to some one on business.

"He is on the Stock Exchange," Lionel replied.

"It's like gambling, is it not?" she interrogated; but Lionel only replied by putting another song before her, and showing her how to sing it.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. SUTTON IS FRANK.

"MARIAN is going to call on you at two—she will take you for a drive if you will go," Mr. Talbot said to his sister the following morning, as she came into the dining-room. He was standing up, with his hat in his hand. "I could not wait for you," he explained, hurriedly. "You will not mind breakfasting alone, I hope?"

"Oh no—not this morning; but I'll get up in future, and breakfast with you, Edgar."

"Or perhaps you would rather have it in your dressing-room? I am often a good deal taken up with letters. Will you mind meeting Marian alone? Shall I take you round to her house, and introduce you, or will you wait for her here?"

"I will wait for her here."

"I'm glad to hear you say so—glad that you didn't feel called upon to sham sentiment about it. Well, good-by, dear!" He stooped and kissed her. "Take care of yourself."

She put her hand on his shoulder to detain him, as she answered,

"Thank you, Edgar, very much."

"For what?"

"For caring for me so. I like it—oh! I like it so much—it is new to me."

"My dear girl! you will have it in your power to do more for me, unless you disappoint me greatly, than I ever can for you."

"How? Tell me."

"In a thousand ways, that you will learn in time; and, eventually, by such a marriage as Miss Talbot ought to make, and you will easily make."

"You don't want to get rid of me yet?" she asked, laughing. "I had a vision, as I traveled up yesterday, of keeping house for you, as Ruth Pinch did for her brother."

"And of passing happy hours over the construction of a similar pie to that immortal one that brought about 'her fate,' as you would call it, I suppose? No; you're not the Ruth Pinch or Dame Durden type of woman, Beatrix—thank Heaven for it!"

He went away now, laughing and nodding to her, gayer at heart and in gait than he had been for years. There was something very enlivening to the keen young business-man in the sight of that beautiful girl sitting there, leaning her elbow on the table, resting her chin in her hand—something enlivening in the sight of her, and reassuring in the recollection that she was his sister. He had never had youthful companionship in his home before. There was a fair promise of good refreshing interest in the presence of one so full of the glory of life as he saw her to be. As he went away he congratulated himself heartily. "She has the best gift a woman can have—beauty—luckily for me," he thought; and then he reflected with pleasure that Mrs. Lyon would soon aid him in bringing that beauty well into the light of day.

"I hope what I have said to her will neutralize any thing Marian may tell her about Blanche; for Mrs. Sutton is safe to shoot her little bolt at Miss Lyon," he muttered, as he passed clear out of the home atmosphere, on his way to a very different one. Then he was soon joined by other men, and his mind became absorbed in some other tickets which he had drawn or might draw in the lottery of life. He was aware of a sort of exultation in his own mind as he went along—an exultation that the majority of men must experience more or less frequently—a sense of there being a great deal to be got out of that portion of his life which was outside his home. Many of his ends could be furthered by his sister Beatrix, if her will would go with his—many others were utterly beyond, entirely above (he almost believed) her aid and understanding.

Additionally, away in the most secret corner of his heart, he had an interest that no one could share with him—a hope that was fitfully bright and feverishly warm, and that was at once the sweetest and most painful element of his life—a love that fought with every determination and resolve he had ever made. Up to the present he knew himself to be well fenced in from a danger that was dear to him; but in the weakness of over-reliance on his own strength, he was going to lay down his arms, open the gates of the citadel, and let in an enemy whom he believed to be unconscious of her own prowess, and so innocuous. He had given himself a great many beautiful reasons for this rash step; he had called it duty toward a too-long neglected sister, and earnest desire to see her so well brought forward as to insure her own happiness and his aggrandizement in the future. But when all the beautiful reasons were given, and blindly accepted by himself, the truth remained. He sighed for the frequent sight of a woman who had stamped herself upon his soul and made him love her—sighed, yearned, thirsted for her presence, though he never meant to do more than sun himself in it while he could; and knew that when it was withdrawn he should perish in the chill which must ensue. And the woman he loved was Blanche Lyon, for the sake of whose strange glances he had secured, at an absurd outlay of time, money, and false reasoning, her mother's services as chaperon for his sister.

The day wore itself away rapidly. Two o'clock, and the immediate prospect of Mrs. Sutton's call was upon Beatrix before she had learned the rooms and reorganized them, as women with taste are sure to want to reorganize what has been solely the realm of the upholsterer heretofore. Her brother Edgar had given her a hint upon the subject of the densely-mourning dress, and she had taken the hint, and changed it this morning for a tight well-fitting one of black silk, that fell from her waist in large folds. She had hoped that Lionel would have come to help her through the ordeal of the first interview with her sister Marian; and, had he done so, she had intended taking his opinion about a little ornament or an utter absence of it. It was an important question, and she gave it much consideration. Should she wear jet, or plain, rather dull gold; or should she abstain from either, and rely upon a rigid little set of linen collar and cuffs for producing the right effect on this unknown sister, Mrs. Sutton, whom she (Beatrix) had already taught herself to regard as a species of butterfly. It was an inspiration direct from the guardian angel of the millinery interest which made her fasten herself together at the throat and wrists finally with dull gold knobs. For they suited her; and though Mrs. Sutton never liked women for looking well, she invariably behaved better to them when they did so.

Miss Talbot was not affected to the point of either anxiety or enthusiasm by the anticipation of her sister's visit. There would be a certain amount of interest, the girl felt, in the study a lady, against whom Edgar had come out of his quiet reserve to warn her, would offer. But beyond this curiosity there is nothing. Natural affection requires more cultivation, perhaps, than any other good quality.

Still Miss Talbot was not insensible to the fact of there being a deeper flush on her cheeks and a brighter light in her eyes than usual, when the door opened and a lady came fluttering in—a lady with a small, pale, fair face, which was adorned with half-closed, large blue eyes, and nut-brown brows and lashes, and a pert little delicately-pointed, turned-up nose, and a flexible, refined, wide mouth, over which the most subtly-sweet smile played. A lady with fascination legibly inscribed on every lineament; fascination that drugged the reasoning faculties of the majority who met her, and deadened them to the first keen irresistible impression of her being a false, treacherous, dangerous creature.

"I am Marian," she said, putting her hands out to meet her sister; "and I am very proud to feel that there can be no doubt about your being Trixy."

The abbreviation was not a familiar one to pretty Mrs. Sutton, but she had made up her mind that her sister should get spoken about as Trixy Talbot. So she uttered the name now as if it had been wont to fall glibly off her tongue many and many a year ago, in their days of guileless innocence and infantine communion.

Mrs. Sutton had a shrilly-sweet voice, and she had it well under command too. It said little tender things about the joy this reunion with Beatrix afforded her very tenderly; and little, sad, semi-self-reproachful things about never having known Beatrix before very sadly. After those soft, clear, pathetic inflections Beatrix's voice sounded deep and full in her own ears, as she answered:

"Never mind about the non-intercourse of the past, Marian; we must make up for it in the future. So you're married? and I have stupidly gone on thinking of you as a mere child."

"I was a mere child when I married," Mrs. Sutton replied, with a gorgeous disregard of the fact of her sister knowing very well that she (Marian) had been nothing of the kind. "I was a mere child when I married, but the five years have made me an old woman."

She sank her voice as she said it, and lowered her head, and seemed to be flushing, and struggling with an inclination to cry. On the whole she looked surprisingly young and innocent, and Beatrix settled at once that Edgar "had been very much mistaken."

"Ah! you must tell me about Mr. Sutton," Miss Talbot exclaimed, eagerly. The eagerness was as much the result of her desire to check Marian's tears as it was to know more of the other member of her family.

Marian lifted the graceful head, that was covered with black lace and crimson roses and nut-brown hair in a way that rendered it difficult to determine where nature ended and art began, and shook out a gentle, sensitive laugh, by way of recovering from the emotion she had been displaying. "You will soon see him; he is very kind—older than I am, you know. Edgar has told you about my marriage?"

Mrs. Sutton glanced sharply at her sister as she asked the question, lowering her lashes and glinting out through them in a way that ought always to make the interrogated very careful. The only impression it conveyed to Miss Talbot was, that her sister was short-sighted.

"No, nothing; remember, I only came to him last night. You tell me about your marriage yourself, Marian; I shall like to hear it."

"Better than I shall like to tell it, perhaps," Mrs. Sutton answered, softly, with a saintly and resigned expression flitting over her variable face. She looked now like a Madonna, Beatrix thought—a Madonna in rich gray velvet and sables, and with a piquant turn-up nose, but still a Madonna. The girl's sympathies were aroused, her kind heart went out in a wave of pity for the possible sorrow so gently borne.

"Marian! only tell me what it will be pleasant for you to tell," she said, quickly; and Marian had to turn her head aside as she smiled over Miss Talbot's graphically-expressed power of being easily deceived.

"Then I shall tell you nothing of my marriage or the manner of it," Mrs. Sutton said presently, bringing her head round again, with a little air of making the best of things that was "eminently well-bred," Beatrix thought. "I can't bring it as a sacrifice, certainly, for I did it with my eyes wide open; but I was very young, and didn't know what I was undertaking to endure, and Edgar—but I must be careful how I speak of Edgar to you."

Beatrix leaned forward in her chair, and clasped her hands together, and wrung them hard in a small excitement.

"Yes, you must be careful," she said, ringing out her words with a bright, proud decision that Mrs. Sutton (for all her subtle inflections) never knew. "You must be careful—if Edgar has been to blame don't blame him to me; let me love him without a shadow of doubt. He has been the one to bring me back to my own—my own must not set me against him in ever so small a degree."

"Oh, Trixy! set you against him! Would I do it? Why, I shrink from doing what would be the greatest comfort to me—talking over things with another woman—a sister—because I won't say a word about Edgar that might possibly make you think him less kind than I'd like you to think him."

"Marian!"

It was only one word. But Beatrix Talbot uttered it, and Marian Sutton heard it, and both these women had a marvelous power of expressing and understanding. There was reproach and condemnation for the invidious onslaught on a brother in the single word which the one sister said to the other. And all the reproach and condemnation was meant and felt.

"Then don't ask me a word about my marriage," Mrs. Sutton replied, "but put on your bonnet and come out for a drive with me. What has Edgar said to you about your milliner, and the thousand other people you must see at once?"

"Nothing," Beatrix answered, laughing. "I don't want any thing. Thanks to every body's goodness in letting me keep what was left to poor mamma, I don't come to Edgar in rags and tatters."

"Nothing! he has said nothing! How very inconsiderate of him! I suppose, though, he relied on me to direct you. You might just as well be in rags and tatters as far as your dress is concerned, dear—a fact of which you might have remained happily unconscious had you staid in the country, but to which you can not be blind now you are in town. We will go to my dress-maker as we come home from the Park. Hortense will bless me for bringing you to her; you are just the figure to do her credit. You had better take some money with you."

Mrs. Sutton uttered this last sentence quite with an air of its being an after-thought. "You are sure to see so many things you will want," she said, in an explanatory tone; "so many little things at shops where I am not known. However, if it is not convenient, my purse is at your service."

This last speech was a bold stroke of consummate diplomacy. It advertised Mrs. Sutton's generosity at the same time that it gauged Miss Talbot's means. Nor was it altogether false. Marian's purse was very much at her sister's service, more especially as there was nothing in it.

"Thanks—many of them—but I have my last quarter's allowance," Trixy replied. So Mrs. Sutton advised her to take some of it, "say twenty pounds," and Miss Talbot took it.

"We are not likely to see many people I know in the Park now," Mrs. Sutton said, as they fell in with the thin string of carriages—the speech might have been made with equal truth at any time of year; but this Beatrix did not know, and so it sounded in her ears as if all Mrs. Sutton's friends and acquaintances were away at their respective country-houses, which was precisely the way Mrs. Sutton wished it to sound—"so we will only just drive round and look at the Row (you ride?), and then it will be time to go to Hortense."

The Row was deserted, consequently Beatrix neither was nor seemed to be impressed by it. "What a dull place to waste one's time on horseback in!" she said, leaning forward to look up the vista, that is unquestionably more striking in June than in January. "If I ride it will not be there."

Mrs. Sutton laughed. "My dear Trixy, if you ride it will be there, and nowhere else."

"Why?"

"Because Edgar will not consider your riding there a waste of time, and you will soon learn that Edgar's wishes are not to be disregarded."

Mrs. Sutton sighed as she finished, and held her throat straight, and bent her head slightly on one side, and looked altogether as if she spoke from sorrowful experience. Beatrix began to develop uneasy sensations of doubt respecting the possible mode by which Edgar had brought about the excellent marriage of his eldest sister, whose fate seemed not altogether shadowless. Even while she was thinking this Mrs. Sutton pulled the check-string, and gave the order, "Madame Hortense's," in a tinkling tone; and as they neared Bond Street, where Hortense, the Muse of Fashion, dwelt, Marian's spirits rose visibly, until Beatrix hoped that Mr. Sutton was not so bad as she had first feared.

"You will excuse me for dragging you away from the Park so soon, will you not?" Mrs. Sutton asked, as they ascended to the audience-chamber of the clever little Frenchwoman who had gained the reputation of giving an unmistakable "air" to any dress which she deigned to take into her little wiry, brown hands. "You will, I know," Mrs. Sutton added, "when I tell you that I have been in terror the whole time about a dress that Mr. Sutton will have me wear to-morrow night. If it is not finished I shall not dare to face him."

"Why not?" Beatrix asked, wonderingly.

"I can hardly explain; well, I will be frank with you, as it is my nature to be with every one. He will ask me why Hortense did not exert herself to finish it; and I shall have to tell him that Hortense does not make efforts unless her account is kept very close."

Then Hortense came in, and, after much conversation carried on between Mrs. Sutton and the dress-maker, in a low tone in a corner, Marian returned to Beatrix, who was at the far-off end of the room, and said, meekly:

"Come along, dear," and sighed.

"Is your dress to be ready?" Trixy whispered.

"Oh no!" Mrs. Sutton answered, aloud. "She says if I could give her twenty pounds" (Beatrix's hand was in her pocket in an instant); "but I can not, and she knows it."

"Marian, do oblige me." Miss Talbot's voice, and manner, and blush were all strongly indicative of her desire that her sister should avail herself of the contents of the purse so eagerly extended. Mrs. Sutton hesitated; then took the purse and hand together, and clasped them affectionately, and said that she "really could not—unless Trixy was quite sure—"

Trixy was quite sure of every thing that might conduce to the speedy surrendering of her money to her sister. Her arguments were overwhelming, and prevailed. She had nine or ten pounds more at home; she wanted nothing herself; it would make her miserable to think that Marian should risk her husband's anger when a little confidence in her sister's wish to help her would avert it. Mrs. Sutton was amenable to reason. She accepted the loan, and once more with Hortense retired to settle the delicate business out of ear-shot.

The subject of their conversation would have been puzzling to Trixy, had she heard it. It was to the following effect: "Now, look here, Hortense," the lady began, in an animated whisper, crumpling up the notes and handing them to the dress-maker, "here are twenty pounds; you are sure the seven yards will be enough?"

The seven yards would make the dress an object which Madame Hortense could view with pleasure when she delivered it up to its possessor; but without that lace (at three pounds a yard) it would have been a thing that it would have cost her anguish to send home. But, about the pound that Madame Sutton could not pay now?

Mrs. Sutton's voice was a little less sweet than usual, as she denounced the exacting deity of dress "as a dreadful screw." "Put it on to the bill; of course it will be paid."

"But when?"

"Oh! soon—directly. Consider how much of my money you have had, and do not distress me for it—there is a good creature. Besides, I have brought you a charming new customer; my sister will have more to waste on you than I ever have had."

"Would the young lady give an order now?"

"Mrs. Sutton felt sure that the young lady would do so;" and forthwith Beatrix was fallen upon suavely by Madame Hortense, and sweetly by Marian, and entreated for "her own sake," and more important still, for the sake of pleasing her brother Edgar, to order such a dress as would not distort her figure, which Hortense hastened to assure her was superb.

"It must be quite plain black silk, then," she said, laughing, as she rose up and prepared to pass a perilous time under the hands of Hortense. Then, when she had been fitted, and so brought into a proper state of subjection, she was casually informed that the dress would be from ten to fifteen pounds; and her face burned as she saw Marian lift her delicate brows in contemptuous astonishment at the start of annoyance which she (Beatrix) had been unable to repress at the sound of the sum.

"I do not think I shall deal much with your Hortense, Marian," Miss Talbot said, as they rode away from the dress-maker's door. And Marian answered, with an accent of self-reproach:

"If I had not borrowed that money of you you would not have this feeling, Trixy."

"Well, perhaps not," Trixy replied, honest-

ly; "because, you see, I should then have been able to pay for the dress I do not want; and now I shall not be able to do it unless Edgar—"

"For my sake do not say a word to Edgar about lending it to me," Mrs. Sutton exclaimed, piteously. "He would be harsh, and tell my husband, and then—"

Mrs. Sutton shuddered, and stopped; and the shudder and silence were more eloquent than any spoken words could have been.

"Indeed I will not, Marian," Miss Talbot said, heartily; "do rely upon me."

And Mrs. Sutton recovered her spirits again, promised to do so, and changed the topic by asking,

"How do you like the idea of the Lyons coming to live with you?"

"The Lyons? Am I to have more than one duenna?" Miss Talbot asked.

"Oh! Edgar has not mentioned Blanche Lyon to you, then?"

Marian smiled significantly, and gave her head a little shake, as if Edgar's reticence on the point had been clearly foreseen by her.

"No, not a word; is she Mrs. Lyon's daughter?"

"Yes," Mrs. Sutton answered; and the large blue eyes that she had kept half closed all day opened suddenly, and a light darted out from them—the cold, clear, pitiless light of hatred. "Yes; Blanche is Mrs. Lyon's daughter, and a precious pair they are. Edgar will rue the day he brought them into his house; but he would never forgive me for saying it to you, so you must keep that secret also for me, Trixy; and now we will speak of pleasanter things. You all (Lionel too) are to dine with us to-morrow night. Is not Lionel charming?"

"He is indeed!" Trixy answered, with a certain feeling of Lionel being the only sure footing she had in the family. "I long to see his paintings."

Mrs. Sutton laughed. "I long to see one, and that is a portrait of myself that I want him to paint for the Academy this year; but he is only my brother, and does not seem anxious to undertake a task that other men have begged for as a boon."

"Why did you refuse, if any one of them could have done it well?" Trixy asked. There was something, it was hard to determine whether it was sublime or ridiculous, in the intense air of vanity with which Mrs. Sutton had made the assertion about the begging and the boon.

"Why did I refuse? Because I am obliged to be so careful, Trixy. I often wish I had been born old, and ugly, and unattractive, and then, perhaps, I might have known a little peace." Then the carriage stopped in Victoria Street, and after depositing Miss Talbot, the victim to her own youth, beauty, and attractions rolled softly away home, where we shall follow her.

CHAPTER III.

FALSE DIPLOMACY.

THE house to which Mrs. Sutton was driven after leaving her sister was a handsome, tall, heavily-porticoed house, out at South Kensington, just opposite to the barren wilderness where the Exhibition of 1862 stood. The size and situation of the house spoke of wealth—so did the carriage and dress of its mistress and the number and orderliness of her servants—so did the interior arrangements and furniture. They all spoke of wealth—but of wealth not long possessed—of wealth that had not come by inheritance: every thing was terribly fresh—there was the glitter of recently-made gold about it all.

It was nearly six o'clock when Mrs. Sutton walked into her house, and after looking at the cards and letters on the hall table, and selecting three or four of the latter for private perusal, asked if the master was come home yet? On being told yes, she went on to a room behind the hall, and into the presence of her husband.

He was lying back in a large arm-chair before the fire when she entered, but he got up at her approach, and pushed it back a little, for her to take a lower and more comfortable one by his side. Standing up and smiling a welcome to a woman whom he worshiped, Mr. Sutton was seen at his best. What that best was shall be told briefly.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a large, fat, florid face, surmounted by a quantity of smoothly-brushed straight, yellow-brown hair. His forehead was broad and strong over the brows, and his eyes were of a cool, steady gray, that would have betokened something like fixedness of purpose and strength of will had they not been contradicted by the loose expression of a large, unwieldy mouth. He had been many things before he became a successful speculator. But under every phase he himself truthfully averred that he had never been mean or dishonorable; and Marian added that he never had been and never would be a gentleman.

Indeed, at the first glance, all the conditions which must be fulfilled before a man has a right to that proudest word of all, "gentleman," stamped upon him, were wanting in Mark Sutton. The son of a small country-town tradesman, without a classical education, the trick of manner, or the gracious gift of a good appearance, he belonged clearly and unalterably to the people. Yet for all that he had worked his way up steadily to dine with princes (only at civic feasts, certainly), and to be the husband of a beautiful, refined, well-bred woman, who never suffered him to forget that she was a Talbot.

"Well, my Marian!" he said, taking her hand kindly, as she seated herself. "You have been to your sister; what do you think of the stranger?"

It was a habit of his to put what he knew to be the case in the form of an assertion to his wife when questioning her about her daily path. If he seemed to be sure of a thing Marian was under less temptation to tell a story about it. Under "less temptation," but still not entirely free from it. For the fascination of falsehood was strongly upon Mrs. Sutton, and she rarely told the truth—never when she could avoid doing so.

"Yes; I have been with her at Edgar's all the time, Mark," she answered, brightly. "She is very pretty now. When I have polished her up a little she will be very perfect. I gave up my whole afternoon to her, instead of going to Hortense, as I intended."

Mr. Sutton checked the exclamation of "What was your carriage doing at Hortense's door, then, when I saw it?" Marian would not have been much discomfited by his saying it, but he would have been pained to discomfit her ever so little. Her mendacity was a disease in his eyes, to be treated tenderly.

"I have seen Edgar this afternoon; he seems to have made very considerate plans for his sister's comfort."

Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders.

"He will be sure to make a great parade about all he does; and he will be equally sure not to make a single plan that does not materially conduce to his own comfort. It is a most painful thing to have to say of one's brother, but I must say it—Edgar is selfish to his heart's core."

Mr. Sutton having heard the same remark made before paid little attention to it. Now Edgar Talbot had made the mistake, not of finding Marian out more frequently than any one else, but of letting her feel that he had done so.

"He tells me that she will go into society under Mrs. Lyon's auspices."

"Yes; and she is a regular old soldier. Trixy will go into society under Mrs. Lyon's auspices, in order that Edgar may have a decent excuse for making a fool of himself under the auspices of Miss Lyon. His consideration for his sister does not carry him far enough to provide her with pocket-money. Fortunately, this afternoon, I was able to tell her my purse was at her disposal; which obliges me," she added, rapidly, leaning caressingly over Mark Sutton's stout arm, "to come to you to replenish it—will you?"

She spoke in a little coaxing, winning way, that, strangely enough, sounded very sweet in the ears of the man she addressed. The conviction that there was a false ring in that silver bell-like voice scarcely tainted the pleasure he felt in her deeming it worth while to use dulcet tones to him.

"'Will I?' Wouldn't I give my heart's-blood for you?" he said, rising up, unlocking a drawer in his writing-table, and taking out a check-book. "How much do you want Marian—a hundred?"

Now, a hundred pounds was but as a drop in the ocean of Mrs. Sutton's debts; but it would quiet Hortense, and Hortense was the one whose claim had been brought forward most urgently of late. So now she checked the sneer that was almost on her lips, at what she considered the meanness of the low-born man whose duty and privilege it was to pay for the faults and follies of his well-born wife—checked the sneer, and developed a smile of gratitude.

"A hundred will be magnificent! I shall be able to make up Edgar's shortcomings to Trixy now, thanks to your generosity!"

Then she took the check, and folded it away leisurely in her porte-monnaie, and he watched each graceful, languid, indifferent gesture, with a proud delight in the woman who used them being his own.

She went away to dress for dinner soon after that, and presently came down and placed herself opposite to him at the table, set off in a way that struck even him—little as the traditions of his youth had taught him of any form of beauty. She wore the last birthday present he had made her—a black velvet dress cut square, with sleeves that just reached the elbow, and with both neck and sleeves richly trimmed with Mechlin lace. There was lace fastened with a diamond pin on her soft brown hair, too, and her fingers glittered with jewels.

"Why, Marian, how splendid you are!" he exclaimed.

She laughed and said, "Yes; she knew he was going out to meet a man on business at his club, directly after dinner, so she had made herself look as well as she could while he was with her."

He looked so fondly at her by way of reply, and still his face fell, for he knew she was not giving him her real reasons for the richness with which she had arrayed herself. There was something behind that fair seeming of conjugal consideration. What was it? and how could he avert any ill consequences that might ensue from it to her?

"You expect friends this evening, perhaps, dear?" He always gave her a chance of saving herself, and standing well before herself and the world and him—this man, who had sprung from the mud, and who had, as she was wont to declare, "none of the instincts of a gentleman." He always gave her a chance—it was the grief of his life that she so seldom availed herself of it.

She lifted her fair face innocently toward him.

"No, I do not, Mark," she said. "I shall read while you're away; and you will not be late, will you?"

"I am not going at all to-night," he answered, averting his eyes from hers, in order that she might not see that he read the chagrin she could not conceal—skillful adept in deceit as she was. Then Mrs. Sutton lowered her spirits suddenly, and the dinner came to a conclusion amidst thickest gloom.

It was not late—only about half-past nine o'clock—when the lady was roused from the corner of the little couch on which she had settled herself by the announcement of "Mr. Lionel Talbot and Mr. Bathurst," and she was just gracefully welcoming the latter when Lionel's exclamation of, "Ah! Sutton, I'm very glad to find you at home; Marian told me you were out to-night!" betrayed to Marian that she was found out again in a superfluous story.

"But I was persuaded to stay and see you," Mr. Sutton replied, calmly; and then, glad to find that it was no worse, that one of the guests for whom she had elaborately prepared herself was her own brother and his great favorite, Lionel Talbot, Mr. Sutton resigned himself to the ungenial office of making his house agreeable to Mr. Bathurst, a man with whom he had not an idea in common.

Frank Bathurst was the last person in the world who would have been selected, by people who are fond of pairing others according to their own tastes, as the friend of Lionel Talbot. It is true that they both loved the same things; but they loved in such a widely-different way, that the manner of their worship ought to have sundered their souls more effectually than if each had bent before another shrine, and was a bigot about every other form of faith. Frank Bathurst had been left lord of himself and ten thousand a year when he was only nineteen, and, in defiance of the bard's decision to the contrary, he had not found it a heritage of woe. He was a painter and a musician, and he spread out the power his money gave him in all directions, like a polypus, in order to find the means to further the aim he had; namely, to attain perfection and gain a name in both these arts. He had birth and place; he was known as a man of fashion and cultivation—his good looks were a sure passport to the favor of every man and woman on whom he turned his handsome face; and it was not enough for him. He sighed to write some notes that should thrill some world where Verdi was not cherished—to paint a picture that should tell some noble story: nobly to do something good, and grand, and, above all, true.

Above all, true! In his doubt of this aspiration being the most sincere one of his heart was to be found the sole alloy to Frank Bathurst's happiness in life and faith in himself. Ardently as he was set upon achieving something lofty, he was equally ardent in the intensity of his desire that success should wait upon his worthy merits. To do good unseen was quite enough in art for Lionel Talbot, to whom public applause meant only what it was worth; but it was not enough for the brilliant young man already so favored by fortune and nature. He wanted, not only to deserve, but to command, the verbal laurels which are hung over every acknowledged victor's brow. He was earnest and unceasing in his efforts to attain what he desired—unresting in pursuit of every ennobling influence—unhasting and careful in the way in which he brought those influences to bear upon his ends. So far as the manner of his means went he was a true artist; but in the motive there was the germ of a flaw. He was over-ambitious: worse still, he was desirous that the realization of his ambition should become a well-known fact.

The two men had cast in their lots together for a while, and were working in a studio in Frank Bathurst's house, in the bright Bayswater air; working unremittingly each after his kind: Bathurst at a great picture that absorbed him—"The Battle of the Bards"—a picture into which he had "thrown all his strength," he firmly believed, and which he loved and looked forward to as to a thing that should make him of great account honestly in the realms of art; and Lionel Talbot at a small piece of canvas—small, at least, in comparison with that which Frank was covering with frightened beauties and frantic bards—on which was represented waves in half a gale of wind, with the moonlight on them. He had learned to know and love his model well down on the wild Cornish coast—the beauty of it had gone into his soul. So he painted it, without giving a thought to the contemptuous overlooking it would be sure to receive at the eyes of the eager votaries of art on the first of May.

It was the first time Mrs. Sutton had seen the man whom she emphatically declared to be Lionel's only respectable friend. She had persuaded her brother to bring Mr. Bathurst, under a promise of showing him a certain quaint old line engraving of some scene of courtly confusion, which seemed to have much in common with the one Mr. Bathurst was striving to depict from "Tannhaüser."

"From what you tell me of the grouping, Lionel, it must be very similar to an engraving I have," she had said the day before, after listening—without attending—to what Lionel had said relative to the composition of his friend's picture. "I shall be happy to show it to Mr. Bathurst, if you will bring him to see it."

"I could take it to him to-day," Lionel had suggested.

"That, unfortunately, I can not allow you to do: it is in a port-folio that Mr. Sutton prizes highly. No; Mr. Bathurst must come here if you want him to see it."

Then she had invited him for the following evening, appending to the invitation her regret that Mr. Sutton would be unavoidably absent. And so they had come, as has been seen, and the engraving proved, on inspection, to be a snare and a delusion, as far as the faintest possible resemblance between it and the grouping of Mr. Bathurst's picture was concerned. But, as she said, her "stupid mistake promised to be the basis of an agreeable acquaintance," for Mr. Bathurst pledged himself to make one of the family party which was to dine at Mr. Sutton's the following day. "Only a quiet little dinner, given in honor of the return among us of my sister, Miss Talbot," she explained. And even while she was saying it she made up her mind that she would not do as she had intended doing before she knew that Mr. Bathurst would be with them—go round to Victoria Street in the morning, and suggest a charming toilet for Trixy, in order that Trixy might tell Edgar how considerate Marian was, and possibly induce Edgar to feel that he had been unwise in not trusting Miss Talbot's future in her married sister's hands.

But it is time that Miss Lyon should come forward.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

COUNTRY OF THE NEWFOUNDLANDS,
TRINITY BAY, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

Dear Weekly:

I am now at the western end of the Ocean Telegraph, trying to gather up the full particulars of the arrival at the Isle of Wight of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in such a bold way, as the song says; for the information we usually get through the Associated Press is so meagre that, unless you get the news right off the cable itself, you run as great a risk of getting the pure article as you do in buying your Otard at a Brooklyn burning fluid distillery. I have, at some trouble, succeeded in getting the following full particulars in advance of the *Herald;* and, like their dispatches, is "important if true:"

COWES, *Dec.* 30.—Yesterday the three American yachts, *Henrietta, Fleetwing,* and *Vesta,* upon the invitation of Queen VICTORIA, sailed up Osborne Bay.

HER MAJESTY CAME DOWN ON THE BEACH

and spent some time in witnessing the various manœuvres of the yachts. Her Majesty displayed the insignia of the Garter, which was of pure British manufacture, fastened with a German silver clasp, one of a pair she had bought to encourage the Birmingham manufacturers. As the winner of the great race, the *Henrietta,* passed by she saluted it by waving her handkerchief tied on the end of her sceptre. Her handkerchief was Honiton lace, of Spitalfields manufacture, one of a dozen that she bought on her last trip to Scotland. Mr. BENNETT, on seeing Her Majesty thus saluting him, ordered his crew to give her three cheers and a "tiger," which they did, in true New York style. Mr. BENNETT himself tipped his hat, one of KNOX'S, in his usual graceful manner.

At the banquet given by the citizens of Cowes the Hall was profusely decorated with British and American flags. Many of the latter were recognized as having been captured from our merchantmen by the neutral privateers of Great Britain during the rebellion. The Hall was also hung around with friendly mottoes. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P., presided at the entertainment.

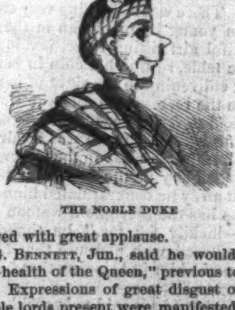
The health of the New Yorkers was good. The health of Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., was drunk in the early part of the evening with great enthusiasm. Some toast was ordered for the peace and prosperity of the United States; but it got cold before it was used.

Major-General SEYMOUR, by command of the Queen, expressed Her Majesty's thanks for the display in the bay, and to the crew of the *Henrietta* for their beautiful imitation of the American Savage war-hoop.

At the dinner His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh accepted the challenge of Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., in the following neat speech:

"Mooster BENNETT, you have coome all the way froom America in your oown boot to sail with awny oof Her Majesty's soobjects; and though, mon, I've heard your father was a cany Scot, I will sail you aroon this island in me oown boot, next soomer coomin, or forfeit haggis foor the whole coompany, and it shall be for a hunder poon, mon."

This acceptance of the challenge by



THE NOBLE DUKE

was received with great applause.

Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., said he would now propose "the health of the Queen," previous to his going to Havre. Expressions of great disgust on the part of the noble lords present were manifested at this remark of Mr. BENNETT'S; and Major-General SEYMOUR, Keeper of Her Majesty's Keys at Osborne, rose and rebuked Mr. BENNETT in the following eloquent speech, which was immediately telegraphed to Her Majesty by command:

"Gentlemen hof Hamerica, hi ham surprised to 'ear from hour Hamerican guest, the captain hof the '*Enrihetta,* that he hexpects to 'ave hour Queen, hon whose hempire, by 'eavens! the sun never sets. [Hear! hear!] Hi ham the more hastonished that he should 'ave that hopinion because she waved 'er 'andkerchief to him this hawfternoon; but hi can hinform him hit was not to him, but hit was a signal for hassistance to

her lords in waiting, to hassist her hout hof the mud, hand hon no hother grounds did she stand before him, hand the grounds for his hopinion are softer than the beach hon which her Majesty stood hat the time, hon whose hempire, by 'eavens! the sun never sets.—[Cries of "Hear! hear!"] Gentlemen hof Hamerica, particularly the captain hof the '*Enrietta*, recall hany such hillusions has the one just halluded to, for you can never 'ave 'er." [Hear! hear!]

Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., now rose, and said that

THE NOBLE LORD,

who is immense in his way, had run the thing into the ground in his piece he had just spoken; that he had got the wrong sow by the ear; he meant to say, and did say, that he was going to Havre—the town Havre, across the Channel—and that he did not leave home with any purpose of marrying the Queen, or even proposing to her; and, furthermore, he had no objections to the sun never setting where she was, and he only wished her empire extended all over the Atlantic during the trip of the *Henrietta*, for if he could have had daylight all the time he would have been hunkey dorey. [Hear, and cheers.]

The noble lords and gentlemen present seemed to be greatly pleased and entirely satisfied with this disclaimer of Mr. BENNETT'S.

On the following evening Captain BENNETT and Mr. M'VICKAR visited the Queen and dined with the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen not having dinner till quite late in the afternoon, and the New York gentlemen being quite hungry, is given as their reason for dining with the Duke, whose dinner is always an hour earlier than the Queen's.

The officers of the New York Yacht Squadron are invited to a banquet at Southampton, and to the Mersey Yacht Club's Rooms, Liverpool.

It is expected they will get their living free for the balance of the season. The officers have now thirty-nine dinner and supper engagements on hand. They expect to be able to attend to them, as their health is constantly improving.

January 1.—The yachters have just gone to take another dinner at Cowes, which makes the fourth today. Nothing further of importance by the telegraph.

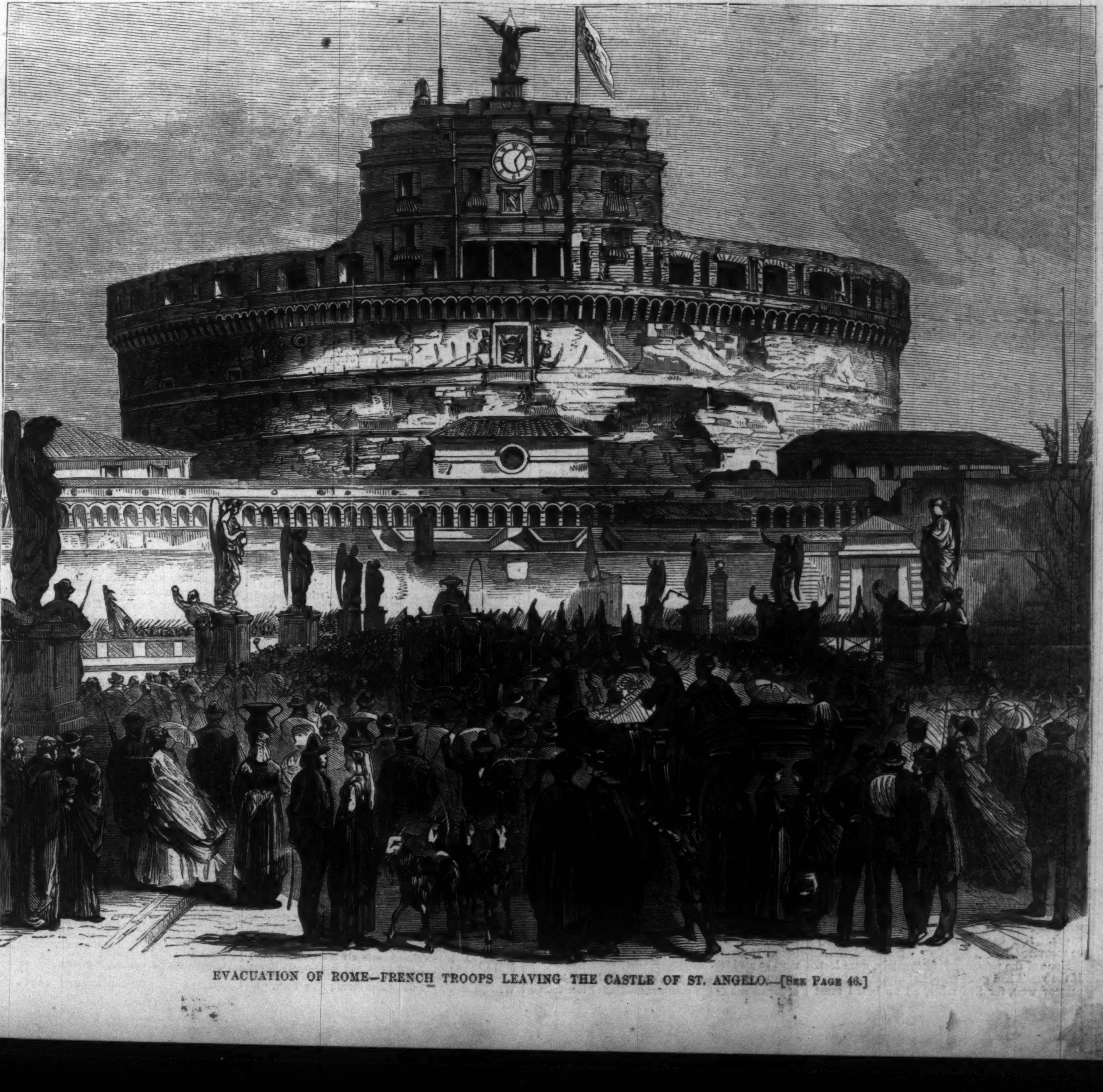
THE CAPTAINS OF THE THREE YACHTS "GOING ABOUT" ON THE PORT TACK.

P.S.—There is now a heavy snow falling here, and our island looks like an "isle of white," with no cows visible excepting Your own C. O. W.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL SAMUELS.

THE Captain who sailed the victorious yacht *Henrietta* in the late race across the Atlantic has been a sailor for the last twenty-eight years. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822, and in 1838 went to sea as cabin-boy of a schooner. After ten years of the usual experience of a sailor, he reached the grade of Captain, in 1848, when twenty-six years of age. He has since then been in command of the ships *Manhattan*, *Angelique*, *Dreadnaught*, *John Rice*, *M'Clellan*, and *Fulton*. During the war he was in the Government service, in command of transports. It was this Captain SAMUELS who made the first of the remarkable runs across the Atlantic. The first was in midwinter of 1854, when, with the *Dreadnaught*, he ran from port to port in 13 days and 11 hours. The fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel was done in but two hours less than this time.

SAMUEL SAMUELS, CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT "HENRIETTA."



EVACUATION OF ROME—FRENCH TROOPS LEAVING THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

THE CZAR'S CIRCASSIAN BODY-GUARD.

The Prince of Wales has for some weeks been in the capital of Russia, St. Petersburg, having gone there to celebrate the marriage of the Czarewitch to the Princess Dagmar, and to enjoy the magnificent entertainments prepared for the royal couple and their royal guests. Among the most entertaining of these have been a dance of Russian Gipsies, in which the arms, hands, and even the fingers did the principal labor, instead of the feet—a performance very nearly if not quite the same as the Indian *nautch*, practiced in the East. Among the most interesting entertainments given was that of the parade, or equestrian performance, *à la Hippodrome*, of the Czar's Circassian body-guard, which we illustrate on page 36. The parade took place in the Royal Riding School at St. Petersburg, the largest covered space in Europe.

The Emperor came in the Circassian costume, and the Prince of Wales with him on horseback. And the singular evolutions of the guard, and for which the Circassians are celebrated, began. They can make an attack on their enemies by riding close past them, throwing their bodies in a variety of positions over on the sides of their horses, making the body of the horse a defensive rampart against the balls of their foes. In this position they can load and fire their rifles. In the dim light of the Riding School these wild fellows of the Caucasus passed the Emperor and Prince at full gallop, and in every conceivable or inconceivable position, loading and firing off their rifles. One fellow came past standing on his saddle, his sword in his teeth, and fired as he passed; but another, still more ambitious, came along standing on his head, and managed in this strange position to do the same. Such performances are more like those of the circus than the field of battle; yet these things have been done, though not effectively, in actual war as late as 1855.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE OF COOKING.

Every lady who is occasionally compelled, by the roving dispositions or other delinquencies of servants, to cook her own meals will be interested in the illustration which we give of the manner in which the "Social Science" is taught. A year or two ago a French disciple of Soyer came to this country and instituted a college, in which our coquettes were taught the more useful lessons of cooking, and both tutor and pupils, we believe, met with great success. In England and France such schools are an institution, and already promise to become so in this country.

RAILROAD TRAIN IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

The heaviest snow-storm and most disastrous gale which has been experienced in this latitude for a quarter of a century commenced on the night of December 27, and extended across the whole northeastern part of the continent, lasting with great fury for forty-eight hours. Snow fell to the depth of twenty inches in various parts of New England and the Middle States, and throughout Canada. The gale which prevailed at the same time had the further terrible effect of creating immense drifts of snow, many of which were eight and ten feet in depth. The railroads throughout New York were generally blocked up, and travel suspended. Large bodies of men were employed to shovel the falling snow from the tracks, but every effort proved futile, and the men were frequently in danger of being buried in the drifts, and had to desist for safety. So heavily did the snow fall, and so rapidly did the drifts form, that large numbers of trains were brought to a halt and soon buried in the drifts which formed about them, the snow being piled up higher than the locomotives. The passengers in a train on the New York Central Road were unable to leave it, although when blockaded they were within two miles of Albany; the fear of being buried in the drifts compelling them to remain in the cars until relieved after the storm had abated. The scene described is more graphically delineated in the sketch which we publish on page 37.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "COMMODORE."

The Long Island Sound steamer *Commodore*, running between this city and Stonington, Connecticut, became unmanageable in the gale of December 27, and striking on the beach near Hermitage, Long Island, broke in two, and has since gone to pieces. It was at first understood and stated that the vessel became unmanageable through defectiveness in the machinery; but it has since been proven that in the heavy gale she "broached to" and got into the trough of the sea, when the starboard pipe went over. This caused the vessel to "list" to the port-side, thus submerging one wheel and throwing the other out of the water, of course rendering both nearly useless, though the engine continued to work. Every effort to get her before the wind proved futile, and she drifted at the mercy of the winds until she got inside the bar, when she was anchored. Subsequently she sprung a-leak, and the hands and passengers were put at the pumps. She filled so rapidly, however, that the cables were slipped, and she went ashore a complete wreck. Her engine and boilers will probably be recovered.

None of the passengers, fortunately, were lost. If the vessel had gone ashore at any other point, east or west, for five miles, all on board must have perished, as rocks are on each side of her that distance, with precipitous and frozen banks, and no houses within a mile of the beach. As it was, they were all safely landed through the aid of the residents along shore, and sent to New York by the first trains.

The *Commodore* was built in New York in 1848, by Simonson & Logan. She was two hundred and seventy-five feet long, thirty-two feet beam, eleven feet deep, and nine hundred tons burden. She was overhauled last fall, put on the dry-dock, engines secured, kelsons thoroughly repaired, and supplied with a shaft and two new life-boats.

COMING FROM CHURCH.

Last year, upon Ascension Day, the bayous were so full that walking was almost impossible upon the roads, which were wet and muddy from the leakage of water through the levees. These were so thoroughly soaked that, even upon the top of them, there was more muddy than dry spots. However, being a holiday among the Catholics, the residents were all out attending church in full holiday costume. These were so quaint, and the ladies so indifferent to appearances while engaged in keeping their clothes dry, that our artist seized the opportunity to make a characteristic sketch of the natives. The floods in the Mississippi, and the breaks in the levee of that river, was the cause of the unusual rise in these bayous of Western Louisiana.

EVACUATION OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

From time to time, for over eight years, Louis Napoleon promised to evacuate Rome and remove one of the barriers to Italian unity. The victories of Prussia and the needle gun and the triumph of Victor Emanuel, at Venice, forced him to keep his promise on December 11, 1866, and on that day the last French soldier left the modern citadel of Rome, the castle of St. Angelo. We give a graphic illustration of this interesting event on another page. The evacuation was begun several days before, and continued until there remained of the garrison only a force of thirty-five men and General Montebello and staff, who performed the final ceremonies. The French flag was lowered from the castle and the Papal flag raised, one hundred guns being fired in honor of each, and a hundred and one in honor of the Pope. Large numbers of the people of Rome turned out to witness the ceremony of the retirement of the French; but, though looking upon the French with no particular favor, the citizens manifested no great enthusiasm, nor did they appear to have a lively interest in the event of so much importance to them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A fortunate time for every one turns up somewhere in the course of the year. May-day is a grand thing for cartmen; and ice-cream saloons would soon be bankrupt if every day came in January. But above all, we fancy that New Year's was a jolly day for the livery stables. Their prices ranged all day from forty to two hundred dollars, and after twelve o'clock there was not even an old car-horse that was not going at his fastest pace. Apparently the owners of horses "to let" added a dollar or so to their prices for every flake of snow that fell.

Flowers, too, were in extraordinary demand; and though there were many murmurs, they were not because of the extortionate prices, but because florists could not supply a sufficient number of the fragrant bouquets and baskets.

Some misfortunes must be expected by those who call on their "dear five hundred friends" on New-Year's Day. And misfortunes seldom come singly. We saw the account of one luckless individual recorded as follows: One umbrella, "accidentally borrowed," $14; one Amidon hat, new Monday night, ruined by snow, $12; one pair Pacalin boots, utterly ruined, $20; six pairs kid gloves, $13; three silk scarfs, $9; carriage three hours, $30; two bouquets, $25, and other "minor items." New-Year's Day does not come but once a year!

The ladies are reported to have adorned their New-Year's dresses with a "double extra" quantity of bead and bugle trimming which kept up a gentle jingling as they laughed and chatted with their callers. Ornament is very well, "taken in moderate doses;" but when, at the distance of forty feet, a lady announces herself by the rattling and ringing of her trimmings, it does seem to be a little too much of a good thing.

But fashion is a very curious thing. It is really wonderful to notice how brave and vigorous young ladies have become—how *impervious* to the stinging cold and bitter wind of January, now that little hats are stylish. Do their ears never feel cold? Oh no, by no means! They may look a trifle rosy sometimes, but that is not because they are cold. But how terribly those same ears would have tingled if sent out unprotected five years ago! It is clear our young ladies are becoming hardy.

We learn, by-the-way, from Paris that French women no longer care to walk down the well-lighted, handsome staircase of the Opera House with their heads enveloped in the ungraceful warm coverings called "Hoods;" so ever since the more tasteful head-gear, made either of rich *point d'Angleterre*, or of vaporous tulle, has come into fashion, woolen hoods have been put aside. This head-covering consists of a small arrangement of white lace gathered in below the *chignon*, and in front describes a point on the forehead. It proves most becoming to the wearer, but is not the slightest use in keeping the cold winds from the face and head.

One can scarcely take up a newspaper, nowadays, without seeing an account of some accident caused by kerosene oil. A most destructive conflagration recently occurred in the city of Vicksburg, by which a thousand persons were made homeless, and many lives lost. It originated in the explosion of a kerosene lamp. If kerosene must be used, a great deal of care must be used too.

With the new year, 1867, a new era in the history of Japan and China commences—that of intercourse with the United States by the "American and Japan-China Mail Line" of first-class steamers. The pioneer ship of this line—the *Colorado*—was to sail from San Francisco last week. The new vessels, *Great Republic* and *Celestial Empire*, which, when finished, will be employed on this line, are said to be the largest wooden ships ever built in the United States.

The northwest wing of the "Woman's Hospital of the State of New York" is now being erected. The block of ground appropriated to this hospital is bounded by Lexington Avenue and Fourth Avenue, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets. The cut stone used in the construction of the building is from the Lockport limestone quarries. It is said that this is the first introduction of this stone into our city, and that it is likely to surpass all other marbles in durability and beauty.

Every individual in our city, and the whole city as a body, should beware of relaxing in any degree the sanitary measures which were so successfully employed during the last summer. There is every reason to believe that cholera will rage in the coming season, more or less, all over Europe. And it is stated as a significant fact, that last month there were no less than eight vessels in quarantine with cholera on board. Prevention is better than cure. Let those in authority see to it that bone-boiling factories, slaughter-houses, and filthy streets are expurgated.

Those who read the "Gossip" of last week, and who were desirous of knowing what are the most recent ideas on "French politeness," perhaps looked in vain for some extracts which were promised from a late valuable work on the above-named subject. By some little mistake the *extracts* were not given. But here they are, just as good as ever for use in polite society (in France, we mean), and we trust nobody going abroad will fail to read them attentively:

When you are about to begin eating do not turn your sleeves up as though you were going to wash your hands.

Do not tread upon any one's feet under the table.

Do not hold your plate out or adopt any other manœuvre with the view of being helped first.

Only men who are decidedly ill-bred take salt with their fingers.

Do not throw your bones under the table, or any where in the room. Place them on the edge of your plate.

If you have a bone in your fingers do not gnaw it too closely, as if you were a jackal.

Never criticise what is given to you, or compare it to a dish which you found much better at some other house.

Do not wipe your fingers on the table-cloth. *The English wipe their fingers, and their knives also, on a piece of bread; but this is not the custom in France.*

Mrs Mary Angell Young is the first living and legal wife of Brigham Young. She is a native of New York, and is reported to be a fine-looking, intelligent woman. She is large, portly, and dignified. Her hair is well sprinkled with the frosts of age; her clear hazel eyes and melancholy countenance indicate a soul where sorrow reigns supreme. She has been much attached to her husband, and his infidelity has made deep inroads upon her mind. Her deep-seated melancholy often produces flights of insanity, which increase with her declining years.

"The best preparation of its kind extant."—Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash.—*Sears's National Review.*

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

A Sad Case of Poisoning

Is reported in an exchange, the teachings of which should not be lost upon a single individual in the land upon whom devolves the care and responsibility of raising children. A lovely little daughter manifested every symptom of worms, and the mother, in her desire to administer a *pleasant tasting* remedy, procured, in an unfortunate moment, a box of "Worm Lozenges." One box was speedily devoured by the little sufferer, but no beneficial results were observed. A second box was purchased, but after taking the second dose, according to directions, severe abdominal pains seized the child, accompanied with vomiting, purging, cold sweats, convulsions, great prostration, dilated pupils, and death. A *post mortem* examination of the body clearly revealed the presence of an active poison, contained in portions of the lozenges found in the stomach. Volumes of advice are contained in the above simple narrative of facts.

With an entirely safe remedy at hand, of acknowledged efficacy, to accomplish all that the nature of the case demands, why will heads of families peril the health and lives of children under their charge by countenancing the use of dangerous and fatally poisonous compounds prepared by persons entirely ignorant of even the name of the medicinal agent which they are directed to prepare.

Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE is offered as the safe and reliable remedy, fully tested, and abundantly proved to be just what it is represented. Multitudes of certificates of cure and restoration to perfect health after taking it are in possession of the manufacturers. Don't fail to procure it and keep it in the family.

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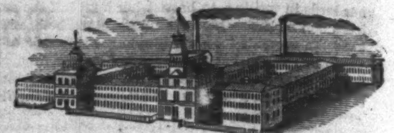

ENGINEERS & CONDUCTORS' WATCHES.

The American Watch Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts, request us to publish the following letters, recently received, recommendatory of Waltham Watches for railway use. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have for several years furnished to their employees watches specially made for them by the Waltham Company, and it is this class of watches the Superintendent, Mr. Williams, refers to. Similar watches (in strong silver or gold cases, with plate-glass crystals) we are prepared to supply, named and engraved to order; and of them, as being most suitable for the use of Engineers, Conductors, Station-Masters, of Expressmen and Messengers, the Company give the most ample guarantee. It is a remarkable fact that Railroad Companies using our watches suffer much less from collisions and similar accidents than any others.

Any of the grades of Waltham watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers generally throughout the country.

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158 Washington Street, Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO.

Office of the General Superintendent,
Altoona, Pa., 15th *Dec.*, 1866.

Gentlemen,—The Watches manufactured by you have been in use on this Railroad for several years by our Enginemen, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some three hundred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable timekeepers. Indeed, I have great satisfaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs, than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years. Respectfully,
Edward H. Williams,
General Superintendent.
American Watch Company, Waltham.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Locomotive Department, West. Division,
Rochester, *Dec.* 24, 1866.

Gentlemen,—I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the great majority of Locomotive Engineers have found by experience that Waltham Watches are the most satisfactory of any for their uses. They run with the greatest accuracy and steadiness, notwithstanding the rough riding of an engine, and as I have never known one to wear out, they must be durable. I hope to see the time when Railway Companies will generally adopt your watches, and furnish them to all Engineers and Conductors. In my opinion it would greatly tend to promote regularity and safety.

Yours respectfully,
Charles Wilson, G. Chief Engineer,
B. of Locomotive Engineers.
American Watch Co., Waltham. Mass.

NEW YEAR! NEW VOLUME!

Ristori, Tom Hughes, "Father Prout," Two Paths in Womanhood, illustrated with Portraits. Ethnology, by E. G. Squier; Education, by John Neal; Our Neighbor, by Mrs. Wyllis; "Health at Home," by Dr. Griscomb; and Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, by the Editors, in January Double Number Phrenological Journal. Only 20 cents, or $2 a year. Subscribe now. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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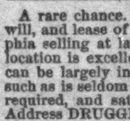

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Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

A rare chance for young Housekeepers and all parties wishing to purchase useful and valuable goods.

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☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at* $10, *or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at* $6; and you have a possibility of getting a

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Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

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575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 2[illegible], 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

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The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Club Orders.

HANNIBAL, Mo., *Nov.* 5, 1866.

To THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Sirs,*—Please send the within order (the seventh I have sent) by express, as before, with bill for collection. Nearly all my first Club have sent again, which is a proof we are satisfied. I should like to see the advertisement of a new Tea which I have been told you sell (probably Long Arm). Please be careful that no nails protrude through the bok—it is a long way to Missouri.

Yours truly, JOHN V. HIBBERT.

1 lb.	Gunpowder	D. Holt	at $1 25	$1 25
1 lb.	Best Black	D. Holt	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	A. Lodge	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	H. L. Russell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	C. Purnell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	C. Purnell	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Gunpowder	Cor. Murphy	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Thomas Larkin	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	Edwin Clogg	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Van Evencoven	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Wm. Kelley	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Best Black	John Taylor	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	Imperial	A. C. Shaw	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Stephen Watson	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	Thomas Creed	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Geo. Threikeld	at 1 25	1 25
	Carried up			$37 00
	Brought up			$37 00
1 lb.	Imperial	T. J. Williams	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. Russell	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	Mrs. Russell	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	Mrs. Russell	at 1 25	1 25
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	W. Brown	at 1 25	6 25
1 lb.	Imperial	A. Manly	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	A. Manly	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	D. Mahony	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	D. Mahony	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	T. Murphy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	T. Murphy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Best Green	S. C. Davis	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	H. Martin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Best Black	Mr. Meadows	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	J. V. Hibbert	at 1 50	1 50
	Total			$63 50

FOUNTAIN GREEN, ILLINOIS, *Nov.* 28, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: *Gentlemen,*—The Tea you sent me the middle of this month was received in good order, and gave general satisfaction. The present order is mostly for other parties, who are not yet satisfied that it is possible for tea of a good quality to be furnished at your figures after paying former prices. I am sure, however, that a few experiments resulting as favorably as my first will give people confidence, and insure you a liberal patronage from this locality. Wishing you success, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant, J. M. FOY.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue OF Seeds and Floral Guide for 1867

Is now published. It contains nearly 100 pages, 100 fine Illustrations on wood of

CHOICE FLOWERS and VEGETABLES

AND

A Beautiful Colored Flower Plate,

for Frontispiece. Also descriptions of the FINEST FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES grown, with full and plain directions for culture.

☞ Sent to all who desire, postage paid, for 15 cts.—not half the cost. Sent free to all my customers of 1866 without being ordered. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

SAVONINE

A CONCENTRATED SOAP, CONCENTRATING TIME, SAVING MONEY.

ONE BOX FOR $1 50, EQUAL TO 24 POUNDS BAR SOAP.

From the daily receipt of testimonials from all parts of the United States it appears that SAVONINE may be used for a hundred purposes not hitherto claimed by the manufacturers. Manufactured in this country only by GLAMORGAN SOAP CO., 45 BROADWAY, New York. Some districts still open to responsible agents.

PARLOR FIREWORKS; or, SNOW CRYSTALS IN FIRE. 25 cents a package. Send orders to O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

DRUNKENNESS CURED

By UPHAM'S ANTIDOTE. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher,

Of Brooklyn, after using the IVORY EYE-CUPS, orders a pair for the wife of

Rev. Charles Beecher,

of Georgetown, Mass.

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

SPECTACLES AND SURGICAL OPERATIONS RENDERED USELESS! THE INESTIMABLE BLESSING OF SIGHT IS MADE PERPETUAL BY THE USE OF THE NEW PATENT IMPROVED IVORY EYE CUPS.

Many of our most eminent *Physicians, Oculists, Students,* and *Divines* have had their Sight restored and permanently cured of:

1. IMPAIRED VISION.
2. PRESBYOPIA; or, Far Sightedness.
3. ASTHENOPIA; or, Weak Eyes.
4. EPIPHORA—Running or Watery Eyes.
5. SORE EYES.
6. WEAKNESS OF THE RETINA, or Optic Nerve.
7. OPHTHALMIA; or, Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages.
8. PHOTOPHOBIA; or, Intolerance of Light.
9. PTOTIS; or, Falling of the Eyelids.
10. MYODESOPIA, moving specs or floating bodies before the Eye.
11. AMAUROSIS; or, Obscurity of Vision.
12. CATARACTS, Partial Blindness, Loss of Sight from Injury, and Worst Disorders of the Eye.

ANY ONE can use the IVORY EYE-CUPS without the aid of DOCTOR or MEDICINE so as to receive *immediate beneficial results,* and *never wear spectacles;* or, if using now, to *lay* them *aside forever.*

We *guarantee* a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will *refund the money.*

Over 5000 certificates of CURE may be seen at our office.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! The Eye-Cups have become so popular with Families, Physicians, and Oculists, that unprincipled persons have found it profitable to swindle the public with imitations. The genuine are marked "Improved 1865," patented by J. Ball.

Since the completion of our new machinery we have been able to supply the increasing demand. Having imported largely, we are prepared to run down all opposition to the starving point. Consultations may be had by letter free of charge while using the Cups!! Until further notice the Eye-Cups, with full directions how to use them, will be sent by mail or express, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of the following price:

Patent Improved Lignum-Vitæ Eye-Cup..$3.00
New Patent Improved Ivory Eye-Cup....$5.00

Please address us as follows:

DR. J. BALL & CO.,
128 NASSAU STREET;
Box 701 Post-Office, New York City.

"Treatise on the Eye," 7th edition, by mail, 25 cts.

CANVASSERS WANTED

TO SELL THE IMPROVED FOLDING

Pocket Lantern

Very light, strong, and durable: can be folded and carried in the pocket or traveling-bag with safety and convenience, occupying the space of a cigar-case, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain (whether open or closed) matches and extra candles, and, being always ready for use, are most appreciated in the greatest emergencies.

Prices: No. 1, $1 each; by mail or express, prepaid, $1 50. No. 3, 75 cents each; by mail or express, prepaid, $1 00.

Liberal Discount to Dealers and Canvassers.

Send for Samples.

JULIUS IVES & CO., Sole Agents, 49 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene Goods generally.

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Circulation nearly 100,000.

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Half Morocco . . . . . . 10 00 "

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